

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

NOVEMBER 3, 1958

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Cover Hugh Wiley ▶

The most dashing rider of the U.S. Equestrian Team, Hugh Wiley, is back to defend his title at the National Horse Show. For more pictures of this colorful event and Hugh Wiley in action, see page 36.

Photograph © by Philippe Malouin



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Exclusive THE AMAZING HERB ELLIOTT

The torture of success
His struggle to stay amateur
The man who makes him run

▶ From Libya to Kona, photography in color by Toni Frumel plus a report by Cole Phelan on the graceful Hawaiian Islands as varied in sport as they are in scenery.

▶ What it's like to be a horse-player in Moscow, described by Ireland's Lord Kilbracken, with photographs of the Russian racing scene by Sports Illustrated's Jerry Cooke.

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He loves me...
he loves
my Mommy's
Arpege!



LANVIN
PARIS

MEMO from the publisher

For the more than 160,000 mainlanders who visit her each year, Hawaii is a scene dreamland of mountains and bright colors, waving palms and breaking waves. But increasingly Hawaii is also something else, a place where sport thrives as happily as pineapples and where wandering sportsmen who once found their reward in looking now add to that the pleasure of doing.

Next week, Associate Editor Coles Phinixy describes how this happens and, in color, Photographer Toni Frassell documents the action while it happens.

This is a Hawaii where the native art of surfing, once almost an item of scenery like Mauna Loa, is these days as apt to be a part of a visitor's activity as of his vista; where hunting for big game and upland game is an imported and important sport; where the marlin, and even the bonefish, are huge (the world's record for the latter was taken from the waters off Kauai); where trail riding is a dizzying trip down and around the vast crater of Haleakala, and the guide spins whoppers intended to alarm. It is a Hawaii which lies be-

yond the palms and dancing girls and one which—it's fair to say—has until now been one of sport's most uncharted territories.

To the role of explorer for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Coles Phinixy brings some special qualifications. In her account of skin-diving in the Bahamas last summer (SI, Aug. 11 and 18) Clare Boothe Luce introduced her companions on the adventure. She wrote of Phinixy: "He believes the more participants which sports produce among Americans of both sexes

and all ages, the richer in the end will be America's crop of real champions, the happier and healthier our people, and the better our chance of national survival. No man, Coles thinks, can wholly realize himself—and therefore can never be wholly mature or free—who does not reasonably develop his own physical strength and skills and recognize in action his instinctive need to make contact with the speechless creatures of earth, sky and sea."

The Hawaii which Phinixy reveals next week is, I think you will agree, a perfect place for that.



COLES PHINIXY

Harry R. Phillips

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FOOTBALL'S 6TH WEEK

COMPILED BY MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

Army and Pitt, the best in the East, played through four head-cracking periods in the murky rain at Pittsburgh, only to wind up just where they started: all even. The unbeaten Cadets, operating valiantly without injured backs Pete Dawkins and Harry Walters, got off to a 34-0 lead, then watched it slip away when Pitt's passing quarterbacks, Bill Kaliden and Ivan Tomic, found the range. Kaliden and Hallback John Flara, who split the Army defense neatly,



BACK OF THE WEEK: Texas A&M Tailback Charlie Milsbend ran 74 yards for one score, pitched two touchdown passes in final period to avert defeat by Baylor.

steamed up on a 43-yard touchdown pass late in the first half. Tomic took over in the third quarter, passing seven yards to End Jim Zanos for a score and flipping a shovel pass to Hallback Dick Haley for the two points which pulled the Panthers into a well-earned 14-14 tie.

The Ivy League went through an explosive and upsetting weekend and, when the smoke cleared, there was Cornell perched all alone at the top after beating Princeton 34-8. The Big Red, hitting hard from the slot T under the direction of Quarterback Tom Skypack, stomped the Princeton defense and had the Tiger offense sputtering so badly it never did get started.

Harvard, the dozing dwarf of the Ivies, called on its little quarterback, Charlie Ravenel, for another big performance, and he responded by leading the Cantabs to a 16-8 upset of Dartmouth and into a tie for second place.

After three straight Saturdays of suffering, Yale came from behind to beat Colgate 14-7, while Brown outgassed all over Rhode Island 47-6. But Penn was

an easy mark for too-deep Navy, bowing 50-8, and Columbia took a rousing 34-14 thumping from well-drilled Buffalo.

Syracuse's Chick Zimmerman, passing artfully with a wet ball, outmaneuvered Penn State's bumbling forces 14-6; Quarterback Tommy Greene went to the air to lead Holy Cross to a 16-8 victory over Boston U.; Boston College sprang loose Hallback Vin Hogan, one of its "walking cripples," for 48 yards on a trap play to beat visiting Miami 6-2.

Rutgers got another All-America-size job from Bill Austin, who scored three touchdowns and passed for two more in a 44-13 win over Lehigh; Rochester, the nation's only unbeaten, untied and unscored upon team, smashed kings Penn 20-0. The top three:

1. ARMY (4-0-1)
2. PITT (4-0-1)
3. NAVY (3-1-0)

THE SOUTH

Unbeaten LSU, perhaps looking just the slightest bit ahead to next Saturday's face-to-face clash with Mississippi, was demoralized to find brilliant Billy Cannon muffed by wailing Florida Intenex but turned to a 19-yard field goal by Tommy Davis to edge past the Gators 20-7.

With 20 minutes left, it appeared that mediocre Maryland would finish off what Georgia Tech started the week before. But, like everyone else, the Terps crumbled before Auburn's battle of attrition and finally fell 20-7.

South Carolina, riding to fever pitch for the traditional "Big Thursday" game with Clemson, banged away at the Tigers until they turned them into tabby cats in an astonishingly easy 26-6 upset. Explained Clemson Coach Frank Howard: "They was rough and tough and we wasn't."

Wake Forest, after enjoying a heady

48 hours at the top of the ACC heap, came tumbling down at the rude hands of improving North Carolina 26-7. The marvelous Tar Heel line, considered by some the near equal of Auburn's prototype defenders, put cruel pressure on Deacon passers, provided adequate protection for its own long-passing Jack Cunningham, who completed two for touchdowns, and opened huge gaps for Halfback Wade Smith.

Coach Bear Bryant served notice that Alabama is about to come of age when his Crimson Tide worked over favored Mississippi State 9-7. Halfback Gary O'Steen pinned down State with quick kicks and ate up huge chunks of yardage to set up Fred Sington's 25-yard field goal and Norbie Ronneman's scoring catch of a Bobby Jackson pass.

Florida State shocked Tennessee 10-0; Duke rallied to beat North Carolina State 20-13 and bubble up out of the ACC cellar; Georgia, taking its cue from



LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: End Curt Mera caught six Randy Duncan passes, two for TDs, also spilled Northwestern backs for crucial losses as Iowa won 26-20.

alert Sophomore Guard Pat Dye, who intercepted a pass and trundled 25 yards with a stolen fumble for a touchdown, beat Kentucky 28-6; West Virginia squeaked by Virginia Tech 21-20 for its 25th straight Southern Conference victory. The top three:

1. ARMY (4-0-1)
2. LSU (3-0)
3. MISSISSIPPI (3-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

The Southwest Conference, long the home of inconsistency, ran true to form last week when fired-up Rice trampled all over Texas and left the Longhorns for dead, 34-7. Making frequent use of a sleek little quarterback option keeper that had the Texas ends dizzy and the linebackers defending superbly but usually in the wrong place—the Owls flapped to the top of the SWC, a bare length ahead of idle TCU.

Wary of watching Baylor's Larry Hickman parade up and down the field for three quarters, Texas A&M took the Bears by the ears in the last 16 minutes

TOP 10 SMALL COLLEGES

1. NORTHEAST OKLAHOMA (2-0)
2. WILLAMETTE (2-0)
3. ARIZONA ST. (FLAGSTAFF) (2-0)
4. MISSOURI VALLEY (2-0)
5. ST. BENEDICT'S (2-0)
6. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS (2-0)
7. KANSAS STATE (2-0)
8. LANAS TECH (TEXAS) (2-0)
9. YAMPA UNIVERSITY (2-0)
10. EAST TEXAS STATE (2-1)

Jimmy Jemil's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: How do you feel about our colleges importing so many Canadian hockey players?



LOUIS T. BENEZET
Pres., Colorado College
Colorado Springs, Colo.

The practice of enrolling Canadians is the product of the desire to win. The only solution is to accept Canadian players directly out of high school but not, as is the practice, after they have had two additional years in the Canadian Junior Leagues. This would give American players a better chance to make the team.



STURDY PAXTON
Sports Editor
Gazette Telegraph
Colorado Springs

It is nice our northern neighbors are given free American educations, although sometimes they seem not to appreciate it. Canadians can skate in any direction while Americans can skate only counterclockwise. Also Canadians know how to finish off a scoring rush. Americans are done after the first shot.

continued

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NOTEBOOK continued



RUSSELL HUMBERY
*President
DePauw University
Greencastle, Ind.*

As an educator, I don't think this whole-sale importation of Canadian hockey players is good for our colleges. Few in America take their superiority too seriously. Students often remark: "Why shouldn't they win? They're 'loaded' with Canadians." I like to see sports for sports sake.



JERRY CARLE
*Athletic director
Colorado College*

I see no objection. The Canadians are better students and better hockey players because they are more mature. A well-rounded athletic program is an integral part of student development. We feel that our athletic program—particularly hockey—gives the students something around which to rally.



BOB MCCUSKER
*Team mng '56, '57
Colorado College*

I'm a Canadian. I couldn't have afforded a college education in Canada. Hockey gave me the opportunity here, and I really took advantage of it. Should American educators decide recruiting Canadian players is a bad custom, many Canadians would lose the opportunity of their lives.



MURRAY DEA
*Team mng '56, '57, '58
Colorado College*

Fine for me. Only about 30% can afford to go to universities in Canada. I have no money, and am here thanks to hockey. But I must maintain a high scholastic average. Three years ago, our three top scorers were declared scholastically ineligible just prior to the NCAA championship tournament.



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NOTBOX continued



JOHN ANDREWS
Team center '86, '87
Colorado College

I've heard some people criticize the practice of importing Canadian players. But don't most of us want to see the best in any sport? Importing American football stars into Canada made Canadian football a major sport. Canadian college players are making American hockey a major sport.



PETE GAZZOLA
Team manager '87
Colorado College

Naturally, I like the idea because if I hadn't had this opportunity for an education I would be a gold miner, like my father, without any of the gold. My town, South Porcupine, Ont., is very cold and it is isolated. The only recreation is hockey. Here, there is so much to do. I am glad I had the chance.



GARY HUGHES
Colorado '86 from
U. of Chicago graduate student

I feel there is merit in the practice. Remember there usually are no American players in the entire National Hockey League. How can you beat the Russians if you don't improve your hockey? But we came to the U.S. for an education, mainly. None of us is of National Hockey League caliber.



TOM BEDECKI
Former Colorado College hockey coach

As long as education is the main objective, why penalize underprivileged boys? There is no such thing as the athletic scholarship in Canada. If you could know these boys as I know them, you wouldn't begrudge them an education. In later years they will be America's best ambassadors in Canada.



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"Seems like yesterday we had a drink together."

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| 5 Bos at Syr | Cin at Det |
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| 9 NY at Minn | 25 Phil vs StL at NY |
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| Phil at Cin | Minn at Det |
| 11 Bos at Det | 26 NY at Bos |
| 12 Minn vs Det at NY | StL at Syr |
| 13 StL at NY | Det at Cin |
| 14 Phil at StL | 27 Syr at StL |
| Syr at Det | Bos at Phil |
| 15 Cin at Bos | 28 Syr at Det |
| Minn at Phil | Cin at Minn |
| NY at Syr | 29 Det at Bos |
| Det at StL | Phil at NY |
| 16 Minn at NY | Minn at Syr |
| 17 Bos vs Det at StL | Cin at StL |
| 18 StL at Phil | 30 Minn at Cin |
| 19 NY at NY | NY at Phil |

DECEMBER

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Cin vs StL at NY | Bos vs Syr at NY |
| 2 Bos at NY | 11 NY vs StL at Det |
| 3 Phil at Det | Bos at Det |
| 4 StL at Bos | 12 Det at Minn |
| 5 NY at Cin | 13 Det at Cin |
| 6 Syr vs Bos at Phil | 14 NY at Bos |
| 7 StL at Phil | Cin at Syr |
| 8 NY at Det | StL at Det |
| 9 Syr at Bos | Phil at Minn |
| 10 Det at NY | 15 Syr at NY |
| Minn vs Cin at StL | Minn at Cin |
| 11 Phil at Bos | 16 Phil at StL |
| 12 Bos at Syr | 17 Minn vs Det at NY |
| 13 Phil at Cin | Bos at NY |
| 14 Phil vs Syr at NY | StL at Cin |
| 15 Minn at NY | 18 NY vs Phil at Hershey |
| 16 StL vs Det at Bos | Bos vs Minn at Det |
| 17 Phil at Bos | Cin at Det |
| 18 Syr at Cin | 19 StL at Phil |
| 19 Det vs StL at Phil | NY at Syr |
| 20 Bos at Phil | Bos at Minn |
| 21 Syr at Minn | 22 Minn at Cin |
| 22 StL at NY | 23 Syr at Bos |
| 23 Phil at Det | Phil vs Minn at StL |
| 24 Cin at Bos | Cin at StL |
| 25 Phil at Syr | 26 Det at NY |
| NY at StL | Minn vs Syr at Phil |
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| 6210 W. Cermak Rd. | Bridgeview |
| 1806 S. LaSalle | Chicago |
| 2002 W. Cermak Rd. | Bridgeview |
| 1442 W. 47th St. | Chicago |
| Rockford | Rockford |
| Rock Island | Rock Island |

INDIANA

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------|
| Cambridge Radio Supply Store | Indianapolis |
| Hughes Appliances | Indianapolis |
| Luna Radio Store | Indianapolis |
| National Equipment Co. | Indianapolis |
| Radio Town | Indianapolis |
| Sullivan Sales | Indianapolis |

IOWA

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------|
| Wilson TV & Appliance | Des Moines |
| Wholesale Appliance | Des Moines |
| Wholesale Appliance Co. | Des Moines |
| Wholesale Appliance Co. | Des Moines |
| Wholesale Appliance Co. | Des Moines |

MICHIGAN

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| Kansas TV & Appliance | East Lansing |
| Radio City | East Lansing |
| C & V Television | East Lansing |
| Conley Music Co. | East Lansing |
| Radio City | East Lansing |
| Tampa Furniture | East Lansing |
| Gibson's | East Lansing |
| 4100 State St. | East Lansing |
| 5905 N. Saginaw St. | East Lansing |
| 1000 W. Fulton St. | East Lansing |
| Cor. Fulton & Leonard H.E. | East Lansing |
| 1411 State St. | East Lansing |
| 1411 State St. | East Lansing |
| 415 Washington Ave. | East Lansing |
| 1411 State St. | East Lansing |
| 1411 State St. | East Lansing |
| 1411 State St. | East Lansing |
| 1411 State St. | East Lansing |

MINNESOTA

- | | |
|---------------------|--------|
| 272 S. Broadway St. | Duluth |
| 171 W. Superior St. | Duluth |
| 171 W. Superior St. | Duluth |
| 171 W. Superior St. | Duluth |
| 171 W. Superior St. | Duluth |
| 171 W. Superior St. | Duluth |
| 171 W. Superior St. | Duluth |
| 171 W. Superior St. | Duluth |
| 171 W. Superior St. | Duluth |
| 171 W. Superior St. | Duluth |

MISSOURI

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------|
| B. K. Furniture Co. | St. Louis |
| Radio City | St. Louis |
| Radio City | St. Louis |
| Radio City | St. Louis |
| Radio City | St. Louis |
| Radio City | St. Louis |
| Radio City | St. Louis |
| Radio City | St. Louis |
| Radio City | St. Louis |
| Radio City | St. Louis |

OHIO

- | | |
|----------------------|---------|
| 405 Samuel Street | Tolledo |
| 825 N. Woodland Ave. | Tolledo |
| 7112 Woodland Ave. | Tolledo |

WISCONSIN

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------|
| Appliance World Inc. | Green Bay |
| Radio City | Green Bay |
| Radio City | Green Bay |
| Radio City | Green Bay |
| Radio City | Green Bay |
| Radio City | Green Bay |
| Radio City | Green Bay |
| Radio City | Green Bay |
| Radio City | Green Bay |
| Radio City | Green Bay |

*Predicta NRC TV

and churned up a 26-point storm to win 33-27 on Tailback Charlie Milstead's superb passing (see page 8).

SME, sparked up by No. 2 Quarterback Billy Dunn's passing and a brief appearance by injured Don Meredith, caught Georgia Tech with its usually reliable defenses down and drubbed the Engineers 20-0. Winless Arkansas scored unbeaten Mississippi before losing 14-12. The top three:

1. MICH (9-0)
2. SMU (4-1)
3. TEXAS (6-0)

THE MIDWEST

Iowa, striking the midnight gong for Northwestern's Cinderella kids, outpassed the upstart Wildcats 26-20 to move front and center in the furious Big Ten chase. Quarterback Randy Duncan, as neat a T manipulator as there is, was nothing less than super, and a shade better than Northwestern's Dick Thornton, as he completed 14 of 18 passes for 174 yards and three touchdowns, two of them by End Curt Mierz (see page 6).

The shoe was on the other foot for Coach Woody Hayes, who had been unhappy over the offing in Ohio State's earlier games. A penalty against Wisconsin gave Ohio State the ball on the Badgers' one-foot line, from where Fullback Bob White went over for the tying touchdown in a 7-7 deadlock. The Badgers scored on Quarterback Dale Hackbart's 64-yard punt return.

Punchless Michigan State landed smack in the middle of another homets' nest at Champaign and was soundly trounced by Illinois 16-0; Michigan pulled itself together to outlast Minnesota 20-19 for the Little Brown Jug. Purdue, resting comfortably on a 26-7 lead, was forced to battle for its life when sub Quarterback George Izo almost pulled Notre Dame to the front with a last-minute aerial bombardment, but the

continued

6TH WEEK LEADERS

(All AA statistics)

SCORING	TO	PAY	PG	PTS	
Bill Austin, Rutgers	19	8	2	66	
Howard Cook, Colorado	8	2	1	53	
Ron Burton, Northwestern	8	2	0	49	
Bill Patton, California	8	2	0	59	
REBIRING	R	YDS	AVG.		
Dark Elias, COP	75	617	8.2		
Don Perkins, New Mexico	47	592	6.1		
Bill Austin, Rutgers	162	528	5.2		
PASSING	A	D	PTS	YDS	TD
Leo Grosscup, Utah	94	55	565	692	1
Rafael Duran, Iowa	89	51	692	678	6
Buffy Humphrey, Baylor	96	51	531	593	2
TOTAL OFFENSE	R	YDS			
Bill Holm, Va Tech	161	685			
Bill Austin, Rutgers	528	249			
Charlie Milstead, Texas A&M	223	950			
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS	GAME	AVG.	
Colorado	355	2,956	411.2		
Army	349	1,928	384.6		
Iowa	361	1,919	383.8		
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS	GAME	AVG.	
Apham	235	543	186.6		
Mississippi St.	235	770	154.9		
Pitt	338	936	156.3		

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B—Longines 1437 Split-Second Chronograph—first watch of its type in production, it combines every timing function with accurate readiness to 1/5th-second, 30-minute register. Stainless steel, \$235.

C—Longines 1477 Chronograph—this 1/5th-second watch is the finest of precision strap chronographs, with maximum protection from damage in normal use, 30-minute register. Stainless steel case, \$150.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company
Longines-Wittnauer Building, N. Y. 36, N. Y.



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H. Strauss, Elms
O'Brien-John, Peoria
Roper's, Greenburg
Mayer's, Lincoln

Perks-Chambers, Atlanta
McAlvey's, Youngstown
Herdle & Co., Chattanooga
Strouse & Sons, Knoxville
Frank Bros., San Antonio

The H. A. Salesheimer Co., Cincinnati 2, Ohio

FOOTBALL'S 8TH WEEK *continued*

Boilermakers managed to escape 29-22. Kansas contained Tulane's Richie Pettibone and surprised the Greenies 14-9; Oklahoma splurged at the expense of Kansas State 40-6 for its 65th straight in the Big Eight; Marquette put a halt to CU's Dick Bess to win 23-18; little Olney in Michigan struck a new note for futility, losing for the 28th consecutive time (to Alma 27-6) to tie a national record. The top three:

1. IOWA (4-0-1)
2. OHIO STATE (4-0-1)
3. WISCONSIN (3-1-1)

THE FAR WEST

PCC-leading California, spelled Joe Kapp, took the leathers off Oregon's Ducks 23-6 for its fourth in a row and may yet gain the dubious honor of facing a Big Ten foe in the Rose Bowl. Quarterback Kapp scored twice, once on a 92-yard run, passed for two conversions and generally made himself obnoxious to Oregon. But the big test is yet to come for Kapp and the Bears, who play second-place



NEW FACES OF THE WEEK. Illinois Fullback Bill Brown (left) bulled for 130 yards and one TD in 16-0 shutout of Michigan State; Halfback Vince Perkowski of Villanova was a one-man gang, scoring twice to beat Richmond 13-6.

Oregon State, narrow 14-12 winner over Washington, Saturday at Corvallis.

UNC zoomed to the front in the last two minutes on a 77-yard pass play from Quarterback Willie Wood to End Hillard Hill to beat Washington State 14-6; Stanford stuck to the conventional kick for three extra points to upset UCLA 21-19.

Colorado, obviously pointing for the big one with Oklahoma, staggered and stumbled through the cold and gloom at Boulder before Halfback Howard Cook led the Buffaloes to a 27-16 victory over Nebraska. Air Force and Utah each scored twice in the last quarter, but the Utes lost a chance to tie when an illegal substitution cost them 15 yards on the important extra point, and the Falcons won 16-14. Wyoming made the mistake of relaxing after building up a 12-0 lead while New Mexico kept plugging away to win 13-12 and take over the Skyline Conference lead. The top three:

1. AIR FORCE (4-0-1)
2. COLORADO (3-1)
3. CALIFORNIA (4-0) AND OREGON STATE (4-0)

RED GRANGE PREDICTS

SYRACUSE VS. PITT

Syracuse has a fine passer in Chick Zimmerman, but Pitt has two of them in Ivan Tomek and Bill Kallden, who operate behind a harder charging line. I like PITT.

NAVY VS. NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame may have found the passing quarterback it needed so badly in George Izo. If so, I'm afraid the Irish are a mite too strong for the Middles. NOTRE DAME.

MICHIGAN STATE VS. WISCONSIN

The Spartans, having a time moving the ball these days, will be up against Dale Hackbart and a good Wisconsin team. This is my NCAA assignment on NBC-TV so I won't pick a winner.

NORTHWESTERN VS. OHIO STATE

Northwestern gave Iowa fits before losing, and Dick Thornton's long passes could bother Ohio State. But that tremendous Buckeye line will wear down the Wildcats. OHIO STATE.

OREGON STATE VS. CALIFORNIA

This game should decide one half of the Rose Bowl cast. I don't think State can stop Joe Kapp's running and passing as he leads the Bears closer to Pasadena. CALIFORNIA.

LSU VS. MISSISSIPPI

The best game of the day, between two sound and unbeaten teams. It will be LSU's offense testing Mississippi's defense, and Hallback Billy Cannon should make the difference. LSU.

FLORIDA VS. AUBURN

The Gators, off their performance against LSU, may be hard to skin, but Auburn is just too big and too tough. AUBURN.

CLEMSON VS. WAKE FOREST

After a sad "Big Thursday," the Tigers will come bouncing back against the surprising Deacons. CLEMSON.

TEXAS VS. SMU

The tough Texas defense, so brilliant in beating Oklahoma, seems to have gone to pieces and won't be able to handle the SMU aerial circus. SMU.

TCU VS. BAYLOR

Everybody beats everybody else in the Southwest Conference, but this one should go according to the book. In-and-out Baylor hardly figures to bother well-rested TCU.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
4 RIGHT; 4 WRONG; 1 TIE
RECORD TO DATE: 38-17-3



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The Bel Air 4-Door Sedan with a roomier Body by Fisher.

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Impala Sport Coupe—new down to its tougher Tycex cord tires.

From the winging shape of its saucy rear deck to the simple elegance of its grille, this car shows you it's new in a decidedly different way. You get more of what you want—more spacious interiors, vast new areas of visibility, a longer lasting finish and all the solid virtues of economy and practicality you've come to expect in a Chevy.

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You'll also find bigger brakes, a new 6 that gets up to 10 percent more

miles a gallon and vim-packed V8's.

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Banquet ending for a simple buffet—

Cordials by Hiram Walker



The easiest way to entertain a group from 6 to 20 is the informal buffet. Guests appreciate this opportunity to mingle with friends and simply help themselves. But they love a little wanting-on too ... so why not surprise them at coffee time with a tray of gleaming glasses filled with Hiram Walker's Cordials.

Colorful and delicious, Crème de Menthe, Apricot Liqueur, and Blackberry Flavored Brandy are just a few of the many wonderful Cordial flavors made by Hiram Walker. Serve some tonight ... your guests will love you for it.

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COMING EVENTS

October 31 to November 6
All times are E S T

★ Color television • Teletext • Network radio

Friday, October 31

- BASKETBALL (pm)**
Cincinnati at Detroit.
- BOXING**
Costa vs. Bamey, feather, 10 rds., Mad Sq Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).
- HORSE SHOW**
Grand Natl., San Francisco (through Nov. 3).
- HOCKEY**
Grand Natl., \$23,500, San Francisco (through Nov. 3).

Saturday, November 1

- BASKETBALL (pm)**
Cincinnati at Syracuse
Detroit at Boston
Miami sports at St. Louis
Philadelphia at New York
- ONE TRIAL**
English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Ass., Arden, N.Y., also Nov. 2
- FOOTBALL (collegiate)**
Big Ten Game (NBC)*
Air Force Academy at Oklahoma St.
Alabama at Florida
Baylor at TCU
Columbia at Army
Georgia Tech at Duke
Illinois at Purdue
Iowa at Michigan
Mississippi at LSU (N)
- NOV. 1 DANCE vs. Navy at Baltimore (Mutual, ABC)***
Illus. 30 at Northwestern
Oklahoma at Colorado
Pitt. at Syracuse
SMU at Texas
Wake Forest at Clemson
Wisconsin at Michigan

- GOLF**
All-Star Golf, Arnold Palmer vs. Frank Stranahan, Miami Beach, Fla., 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

- HOCKEY**
Chicago at Montreal, 2 p.m. (CBS)
New York at Toronto

- HORSE RACING**
The Francis, \$90,000, Jamaica, N.Y.
American Trotting Classic, \$15,000, Ingleswood, Calif.

- HUNT RACING**
Virginia Fall Hares, Middleburg, Va.

- TABLE TENNIS**
Midwestern Open, Chicago (also Nov. 2)

Sunday, November 2

- BASKETBALL (pm)**
Detroit at Philadelphia
St. Louis at Cincinnati, 2:30 p.m. (NBC).

- FOOTBALL (pm)**
Chicago Bears at Los Angeles
Detroit at San Francisco (CBS)*
Green Bay at Baltimore (ABC)*
New York at Cleveland (ABC)*
Philadelphia at Chicago Cubs (CBS)*
Washington at Pittsburgh (CBS)*

- HOCKEY**
Detroit at New York
Toronto at Boston

- HOLLER DERBY**
Holler Derby, New York, 5:30 p.m. (ABC)

Tuesday, November 4

- HOCKEY**
New York at Chicago

- HORSE SHOW**
Natl. Mod. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (through Nov. 11)

Wednesday, November 5

- BASKETBALL (pm)**
Boston at Syracuse
New York at Cincinnati

- BOXING**
Brown vs. Bamey, light, 10 rds., Miami Beach, 10 p.m. (ABC)

- GOLF**
Curling Open, \$25,000, Atlanta, Ga. (also Nov. 5, 6, 7 and 8)

Thursday, November 6

- BASKETBALL (pm)**
Philadelphia at Minneapolis.

- *See local listing

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A HUNDRED YARDS AFTER THE START THE 13-HORSE FIELD IS SPRINTING TO GET POSITION AROUND THAT CRUCIAL FIRST TURN.

TRIUMPH OF CLASS OVER MUD

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

A pair of superb 2-year-olds,
First Lending and Tomy Lee,
overcame nature's added
handicap to stage one of the
great races of the year

by **WHITNEY TOWER**



FIRST LANDING (CENTER, IN CHECKERED BLINKERS) WAS EIGHTH ON THE TURN. TOMY LEE (OUTSIDE) LOST GROUND GOING WIDE

THE MIDDLE of the worst rainstorm to hit the eastern seaboard since the hurricane floods of 1955 may seem like an ill-timed moment in which to contest the richest horse race in the world. Yet, under the deplorable conditions pictured above, they ran off the sixth Garden State Stakes in New Jersey last Saturday. A former jockey explained at the pre-race luncheon, "Unless you have ever ridden a horse in a race in the slop you have absolutely no conception of

how perfectly horrible it can be. The horse can't see, the jockey can't see, and every time he sheds a pair of goggles he gets nothing but sand right smack in his eyes. Nobody could blame the horse for quitting or the jockey for becoming hopelessly confused. If they can both come through it's quite a combination."

Christopher Chenery's First Landing and his jockey, Eddie Arcaro, were quite a combination.

The two best horses, on pre-race

form, were First Landing and Fred Turner Jr.'s Tomy Lee (SI, Oct. 27). Even under ideal conditions either of them would have had to take full advantage of racing luck to win over any field of top caliber. Under adverse conditions it would mean that the best horse and his rider would have to couple racing luck with superior performance. Both First Landing and Tomy Lee—together with their jockeys, Arcaro and Willie Shoemaker—

continued



DOWN THE STRETCH, stride for stride in a furious duel, Tomy Lee (right) bore out slightly, but First Landing drove right on despite the extremely close quarters.



CLIMAX to the muddy trip came only yards from the finish line, where First Landing gamely thrust the Chenev blue-and-white colors in front of Tomy Lee by a head.



PRESENTATION is made by New Jersey Governor Robert Meyner to winning team of Trainer Hayne Chenev, his daughter Mrs. Jack Tweedy, Arcaro and Mrs. Chenev.

TRUMP OF CLASS *continued*

did exactly that, but First Landing, who has tasted defeat only once in his life, showed a head advantage at the finish line. His brilliant combination of gameness, courage and sheer ability has brought him the 2-year-old championship and has elevated him to equal rank with the very best young runners of the past few decades—if not to the threshold of greatness itself. And Tomy Lee must be very nearly as good.

First Landing took the worst of it for nearly every foot of the mile and a sixteenth. Even after the basic battle plan went awry at the start, First Landing refused to quit and Arcaro refused to become confused. When they finally squirted under the wire barely a head in front of Tomy Lee it represented (at least in my opinion) the year's outstanding example of two individual champions pooling their talents in a breathtaking display of magnificent class.

The trainers of the other 12 colts in The Garden State had basically the same thing on their minds as First Landing's trainer, J. Homer (Casey) Hayne, when he hopefully exclaimed in the saddling shed, "Everyone will be going for position into the first turn, and I'd say the guys who get it will have a lot to say about the final result." His main rival, Trainer Frank Childs, said—not half as hopefully—of Tomy Lee, "My colt has never even seen this sort of track. He worked in off going twice at Belmont, but it was nothing like this. I'd still say that if we can get around the first turn in shape we should be able to handle this."

Well, as it turned out, neither First Landing nor Tomy Lee looked like winners going into—or coming out of—the crucial first turn. Tomy Lee, with a habit of going wide anyway, broke from the 11th stall and took the turn in the middle of the race track, losing yards of ground in the process. And Arcaro, getting into First Landing with his whip at the start, was clearly outrun into the turn by the likes of Nanson, Sherry Prince, Intentionally and others. "I hit him good," Eddie remarked later, "but when I saw we weren't going to be in that first bunch I dropped him behind horses on the inside to save ground. Wham! As soon as I did that all that damn gunk began hitting us and my horse propped; he wasn't going to take that stuff for long. So as

soon as we got around the turn [First Landing was only in eighth place then] I took him to the outside and we started to move. I must have drove him three-quarters of a mile, and it takes a hell of a horse to stand that sort of a drive."

Tony Lee, meanwhile, had ranged up on the backstretch to take the lead from the tiring Namon, and Shoe opened up a four-length lead with him as First Landing, picking up one horse after another in his steady drive, started his most serious challenge. The rest of the mud-splattered field were engaged in a struggle of their own and, as Tony Lee turned for home nearly two lengths in front, it was clear that if First Landing wasn't going to catch him nobody else was either. The pair of them hooked up in the stretch and hatted home together, with First Landing gaining foot by foot as Shoe and Arcaro pumped furiously in a supreme effort. For a moment it appeared that Shoe's mastery alone would lift Tony Lee across the line in front, but in the last few desperate strides it was Arcaro and First Landing who thrust ahead to climax as thrilling a race as any of the 34,127 rain-soaked spectators had probably ever seen. In the process of their victory both colt and rider had acquired a blanket of mud to go along with the richest purse (\$175,965) in the world. In addition to using up three pairs of goggles during his 1:46 2/5 jaunt, Arcaro discovered upon weighing out that he and his equipment had gained an incredible five pounds of slop. Grinning, Eddie picked sand out of his eyes and ears and said, "I feel like I just had a cold mud bath."

What now for First Landing? Off shortly to Florida for a well-deserved rest, Chris Chenery's champion (who, with total earnings of \$396,460, now becomes the richest 2-year-old ever) will await the 1959 classics. Tony Lee goes back to California to await possible revenge in the Kentucky Derby. By then some other colts may be ready to take better aim at them (among them, Brookmeade's Sword Dancer, a well-trained surprise third in The Garden State, and King Ranch's Black Hills). But one thing, as Eddie Arcaro notes, is for sure: "When First Landing runs that's where I'm going to be. Hell, if I wanted to switch horses where would I go to find a better one?"

Where, in fact, would anybody find a better one right now?



PROUD FAMILY of Arcaro enjoy a post-race lunch. Daughter Carolyn, 16, and Arcaro's wife Ruth flank son Bobby, who at 14 is already 5 feet 5, 127 pounds and not of a mind to follow Eddie's famous hoofprints.

PROUD FATHER, Eddie beams under a mask of mud which did quite a job on First Landing, too. In his 27th year of riding Eddie collected a world record riding fee of \$17,597 for less than two minutes of frantic work.



SPECTACLE

Drawings by John Groth



Basketball and Donkey Lash

In another of his series on Asia's lively games, traveling artist John Groth records exotic sports of Thailand, the subcontinent of India and Afghanistan

SPORTS in Asia are often a matter of improvisation on city streets or village roads—and they are played with unbounded enthusiasm. Being poor and favored with a warm climate, a great many of Asia's people live outdoors, and, in the leisurely life of the villages, they have developed, over the years, games which are entirely their own. The equipment is primitive, consisting mostly of what is ready to hand. A fish net may serve for a basket in a game distantly related to our own basketball; an old rope's end lends to a two-man tug of war with an Asiatic twist; melons are accepted happily for contests in throwing, and for a type of village cricket all that is needed is a stick and a piece of wood. With these things children and adults play happily side by side, with plenty of cheering from spectators who happen along, pause to watch and may eventually join in. It is all done in high good humor and fun; for all the excitement they generate, the games seldom lead to ill temper or fighting. Artist Groth was himself invited to participate occasionally, "but," he reported, "I usually did not do very well. The only familiar sport I saw was volleyball, in Kunduz, near the Oxus River in Afghanistan. It was quite a game," he concluded. "They were pretty good."

Takraw in Thailand

The basic object is to keep the ball, homemade, hollow, made of rattan, in the air without using hands or forearms. Here in Bangkok is a variation of it where goals are shot in a basket hung 25 feet high.

At
Tahiti
on Spang
to Tahiti
Pang
Pang







Donkey Lash in Afghanistan

In a provincial village, Artist Groth watched this rough-and-tumble melee in which one player, holding a rope's end secured by another, runs around outside of a circle trying to lash opponents who lash him.



The Melon Throw

In northern Afghanistan, where melons are plentiful, the local boys often engage in distance throws. Affluent landowners supply the fruit and make bets; the poorer villagers snatch the remains.

Guli-dunda in India

Played in every Indian and Pakistani village, this game is a remote cousin of cricket. A piece of wood called the guli is hit, golf fashion, with a bat, or dunda; if it is caught, the batter is out.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

10 to 1 at Belmont

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER's promotion of Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover to the rank of vice-admiral one day last week hardly came as a surprise; without Rickover the U.S. might not yet have an atomic sub, and, in race track talk, it figured.

That is why the behavior of the assorted form-and-hunch players at Belmont horse park in New York the day before is so hard to explain. In the fifth race, a handicap business of one mile, they gave heavy backing to a couple named Strong Bay (2-1) and Amerigo (2½-1). Well, Strong Bay finished second and Amerigo finished eighth, and who do you guess won? A bay named Rickover (by Crafty Admiral out of Sweet Caprice), and \$2 would have got you \$20.50.

Without Portfolio

THE U.S. Ambassador to Mexico had a rather subtle diplomatic chore to assign to just the right group of men and was casting about to find them. Who filled the bill? Why, three big league ballplayers, naturally.

The problem was that the U.S. part of Mexico's International Film Festival was going badly. From a balcony of the National Auditorium, where the festival was held, a Communist clique hissed and whistled not only at American films, but at American flags as well. Others in the huge auditorium (capacity: 13,000) were taking up the hissing, and the result was an anti-U.S. demonstration.

All this changed, though, when *The Defiant Ones* was shown, the third U.S. offering in the eight-nation festival. It is a moving plea for racial tolerance, and it brought frequent bursts of applause from the Mexican audience. When it ended, Ambassa-

dor Robert C. Hill and his pretty wife went from their ambassadorial box to the stage. With them were the three ballplayers to whom the Ambassador had turned for help: Roy Sievers of the Washington Senators, Bobby Avila of the Cleveland Indians and Willie Mays of the San Francisco Giants.

Avila, a native of Mexico, spends his winters there and enjoys the status of a national hero. Sievers and Mays happened to be in Mexico playing winter baseball. They had watched the movie as guests of Ambassador

and Mrs. Hill. On the stage, only Avila made a little speech, in Spanish. The other two just stood there: Willie Mays, a Negro boy from Westfield, Ala., and Roy Sievers, a white boy from St. Louis, side by side with Bobby Avila, who grew up in Veracruz, Mexico; and all three of them stars in big league baseball. Up in the balcony the Communist clique hissed and whistled. But it couldn't make itself heard because there was too much applause.

continued

RUSSIA'S TOP HORSES TO RACE IN U.S. NOV. 11 —Headline



"And when we need anyone 5,000 miles we expect them to win."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Strength through Checkmates

OVER the centuries chess has been praised or blamed for almost everything, but nobody has ever claimed that this ancient and sedentary game made people strong. Nobody, that is, before the Russians. In Munich for the 18th Chess Olympiad (see page 28), *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* correspondent, John Mulliken, hearing stories of rigorous training, decided to look into the whole question of the relation of chess to physical fitness.

His astounding discovery: in Russia chess players are the healthiest of all athletes. "It's true," said the Russian captain, Alexander Kotov. "A couple of years ago medical men made tests on groups of Soviet athletes—football players, swimmers, boxers and chess players—to see which was in the best health. The chess players won."

The dumfounded medical men went to Kotov for explanations. After learning the ordeal of tournaments, they arrived at a theory that chess players had to be in good health to survive—"They lead the hardest life of all," one scientific expert said.

"It's true," Kotov added. "Take a runner. He trains a little in the morning. In the afternoon he runs for half an hour and then pooh! he's through." Kotov's reasoning: "Chess players play five hours a night and probably come back the next morning for four more hours. And at night they must analyze, analyze, analyze."

In his room at the Hotel Metropole near Munich's bombed-out railway station Mikhail Botvinnik was vigorously practicing push-ups. The new Soviet chess sensation, Mikhail Tal,

played ping-pong. Sturdy Vasily Smyslov and frail David Bronstein of the Russian team are both skiers, and the Estonian master, Paul Keres, plays tennis. During his games Botvinnik has a special lemonade served to him after two hours of play, and Keres eats chocolates.

There was no question but that the tanned and vigorous chess masters looked fit. But cause and effect appeared to be a little confused, like much in chess, and in observing the Russian chess players' muscular demeanor as they pushed chess men around, they looked, not like the strongest people in Russia, but like any sedentary group of intellectuals startled to discover they have been officially classified as the healthiest folk in their land.

'My Name's Not Stefano'

MARCO DEMARCO, his wife and son moved into a neat little home at 229 Kell Ave., East Peoria, Ill. one mild day in June 1956. DeMarco was a factory representative for the Louver Manufacturing and Supply Co. of Minneapolis, a job which kept him traveling in Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois, calling on lumber dealers. DeMarco also sold the Emsco gun choke on the side. Except for the fact that DeMarco seemed too addicted to certain local bars, the family was accepted in the community, and DeMarco puttered around East Peoria, selling louvers and gun chokes and becoming known as a fast man with a buck. If there were any raised eyebrows, they were only those of a local Chevrolet dealer. One day DeMarco and his son drove the fam-

ily car into his place for repairs. "What name?" said the Chevrolet man, routinely. "Stefano," said Marc. The son moved closer to his father and exchanged a few words. "Oh, hell," said Marc, blandly. "I have a cousin named Stefano. I've been thinking about him all day. My name's not Stefano. It's Marc DeMarco."

DeMarco's chief interest, other than louvers and chokes, seemed to be hunting; duck hunting. He met his first hunting companion in a hotel in nearby Quincy. "I went to the owner of the hotel," he recounted the other day, "and I told him I was new in town and I'd like to go hunting. The hotel owner made a date for me to hunt with his bartender. We went and got nothing. On our way back, I mentioned to him that I sure would hate to go home empty-handed. 'Do you know of someone in town that may have a few extra ducks?' I said. 'How many do you want?' the bartender said. 'I'd like to take home the two-day limit, anyway,' I said. 'I'll have them for you at the desk in the morning when you leave,' the bartender said."

The next morning DeMarco made his first purchase: eight ducks at \$1.50 apiece. "I don't get too many myself," the bartender told him, "but if you want ducks in the future let me know. There are several of my friends who hunt and kill for the market."

DeMarco did want ducks in the future, so he hung around the bar and kept buying. Over the next two years, DeMarco bought 5,141 ducks in three states at a cost of \$7,050.70. He made purchases from 85 men, including four Quincy firemen, an assistant state fire marshal, a deputy sheriff, a former Detroit policeman and a former Detroit fireman. At first, he explained the purchases by saying he liked to give ducks to his customers—it was cheaper than taking them out to dinner. Later, when he started buying in large quantities, he explained that his cousin ran a syndicate-approved bar in Chicago and wanted the ducks for his menu.

DeMarco also learned how the hunters got their birds. One method

They Said It

MICHIGAN STATE'S DUFFY DAUGHERTY, sniffling after first shutout since 1951: "Have you heard about my new TV program? It's called *Where's My Line?*"

MINNESOTA'S MURRAY WARMATH, philosophizing on 0-5 season: "If lessons are learned in defeat, as they say, our team is really getting a great education."

QUARTERBACK BOBBIE KNOX of the Toronto Argonauts, an I-like-football-but was: "If I had to make the choice between a month of playing football and a month of reading Marcel Proust, I'd take Proust."

was the "creep"; five or six hunters, using Long Toms (unplugged guns which held a dozen or more shells and were fired so as to be almost automatic) would creep up on the ducks as they rested in the marshes at night. At a signal from the leaders, the hunters would start firing in arcs carefully planned to cover the entire flock. In this manner, two or three thousand ducks could be massacred in one night.

Much of the meat-hunting was also just plain killing over the limit by skilled shots operating in blinds without plugs in their guns. The market-hunters also baited traps, caught the birds alive and stuffed them into burlap sacks. They then fired shotgun blasts into the sacks so the ducks would have pellets in their bodies. DeMarco estimates that the Mississippi flyway meat-hunters used to kill half a million ducks a year by these grisly techniques.

As DeMarco was purchasing, the louver company president was getting calls asking if he was, indeed, an employee. The president said he was. Lumber dealers received calls asking if they were actually being called on by DeMarco. They said they were. An assistant U.S. attorney in Illinois called the Fish and Wildlife Service and asked if they had an undercover agent in the Peoria area and was told no. Once the market-hunters gave DeMarco the cold shoulder for several weeks, then welcomed him back, explaining that he had been "cleared" by the Illinois underworld.

In Bearstown, Ill., DeMarco had his most trying moment. A notorious hunter, who once had pulled a shotgun on two federal agents and told them to "git" (they "got") took DeMarco out for a little shooting.

"He took me to a blind," he said later, "and I could hear shooting, and this was before daylight. When we approached, he shouted, 'Watch out, I've got a federal agent with me.' I don't know what the hell his idea was. I said to him, 'That was a helluva thing to say. You're besmirching my name and character; I'm a legitimate salesman, and I don't want anybody to intimate that I'm a federal agent.'"



"It's damn big, wherever it is."

DeMarco certainly did not, because as Anthony Marc Stefano, his real name, he was. And he had not given away a single duck; they had been tagged and consigned to deep-freeze. Stefano had made the biggest killing of market hunters in the history of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service several years back in the Sacramento area. Two years later, he broke his own record in Texas (SI, April 30, 1956).

Stefano's work in the Midwest came to an end at dawn the other day when 45 agents, from 11 states, took 95 market-hunters into custody in Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. They face an average of six charges each, and the penalty can be up to \$500 fine and six months in jail, or both, on each count. Already about a third of those arrested have pleaded guilty. As for Stefano, he has a new assignment.

Magic in Baltimore

IN winning professional football games 270-pound guards and big-handed halfbacks have their uses. But the Baltimore Colts (five wins, no losses) don't depend on compe-

tence alone. As Halloween time approached, Baltimore led the Western Conference in hexes, spells, charms and general witchcraft. Before and during each game, several members of the Colt organization hold their nerves as delicately taut as bridle reins and coax the team's luck along as gently as if it were a squirrel in a public park.

Head Coach Weeb Ewbank has worn the same suit to all the Baltimore games this year, and he plans to keep on wearing it (without cleaning) until the Colts lose. Carroll Rosenbloom, who owns the team, has a beat-up old hat which he is careful never to remove when the ball is in play.

Ed Block, the trainer, wipes the players' faces as they come off the field as long as the game is going well for Baltimore. Dick Spasoff, Block's assistant, doesn't budge from where he is standing if the Colts begin to move the ball, and he stands there until the team bogs down or scores.

General Manager Don Kelleff feels that victory is assured if, on his way to a game, he can spot a truck carrying empty beer kegs. When a player

continued

has a run of bad luck, Equipment Manager Fred Schuhach gives him a sniff of ammonia to improve his fortunes. Big Daddy Lipcomb, a defensive tackle, has the bandages removed from his hands toward the end of a game—provided the Colts are leading—to indicate that he doesn't expect to be sent in to play again.

The two defensive ends work their magic with clothing: Gino Marchetti never turns anything inside out, and Ordell Brasse puts his equipment on from the left, beginning with the left sock.

With a little help from the Baltimore players (who happen to add up to one of the best pro teams in the country) this dam of cobwebs and moonbeams has held off disaster quite effectively. Things looked bad last Saturday afternoon, when Dom Kellett failed to see a beer truck on his way to the stadium. But everyone else's charm was working, and the Colts beat Washington, 35-10.

Life in a Refreshment Tent

OUR FOOD PAGE last week described the sporting and gastronomical pleasures to be had over the weekend at Amory Haskell's Woodland Farms during the running of the Monmouth County Hunt Race Meet. Among the hospitable preparations made for more than 1,000 expected guests was the erection of a race meet members refreshment tent overlooking the steeplechase course. As it happened, this tent turned out to be the meet, because during Friday night 2½ inches of rain fell on New Jersey, and on the Saturday of the meet itself rain continued to fall by the gallon. The result was the most memorable and, unexpectedly, the most entertaining race meet in the running of the Monmouth County Hunt. At least that is the way it looked from inside the refreshment tent.

By past time perhaps two-score ears had slithered up Mr. Haskell's drive and begun to settle in the mud. Their occupants, men, women and children, bundled up in foul-weather gear from a dozen sports, promptly made for the members' refreshment tent, which began to take on the look and camaraderie of a country-house weekend, a Red Cross disaster sta-

tion and a lifeboat tossed on the open seas. In the middle of the tent glowed a charcoal brazier and over it huddled two young matrons taking turns toasting their shoes dry.

"Have you seen Mary since she's back from the West Coast? I think my inner sole just fell in," one said to the other. Their own and other offspring meanwhile were helping themselves to gargantuan quantities of the hot huffet planned for 10 times the number of people present.

"Have you ever seen so many fabulous things you could actually eat?" asked one 10-year-old of her older sister.

In a corner a television set blared forth the progress of the Pitt-Army game, and in another stood a bar, the reaching of which required some agility and a real thirst since a formidable mud hole formed by a leak in the roof had to be forded.

A member in a Tyrolean hat with *Gewehr* and yellow oil slicker stood at the bar, over his paratrooper boots in mud, and with each drink sank a little deeper into the ooze. When a mud-covered, trench-coated figure lifted the flap of the tent to enter he was obviously reminded of the similarity between the present scene and a footage from an old World War I film, for he greeted his friend with a barked, "Don't let the bloody Huns get over those trenches." Nobody seemed unduly surprised by the observation at all.

Through the happily babbling mass packed shoulder to shoulder four bookies made their way. "What's your choice, sir? Chufquen is at 4 to

1, and a bobble could do it." Incredibly enough, the races were taking place outside. A slit in the tent showed the rolling, utterly deserted grounds, and there in the distance two horses and their riders were jumping a brush fence, their progress reported to the desolately empty countryside by a loudspeaker system. After the fourth race, the Monmouth County Gold Cup, the refreshment tent began to empty. The men went to the parking field where, with the tireless help of Amory Haskell Jr. and his tractor, they wrestled their cars onto the driveway. Even the fire engine and ambulance in attendance had to get an assist. The women departed for the main house and Mr. Haskell's large and celebrated post-race tea where, after a quick handshake, they filled all the bathrooms for the next hour soaking their feet and washing their stockings.

Who won the Gold Cup? Six-year-old named Basil Bee, for the fifth time, in what the papers called a quagmire.

Worth Noting

THE SPIRIT of Japan's late Emperor Meiji will be re-enshrined this week in a brand-new \$1,500,000 cypress temple on the grounds of the Meiji Shrine in Tokyo. And what, you may well say, has that got to do with the wonderful world of sport? The answer is: quite a lot.

Meiji, the grandfather of Japan's present Emperor, was the ruler who, aided by America's Commodore Perry, brought his nation out of the medieval darkness of the Ashikaga shogunate into the light of the modern world. After his death in 1912, the people of Japan set out to build him a memorial partaking of everything that was best in their land.

His new resting place like his old (which was bombed out in 1945) is set in the midst of 300 acres that include temples, orchards, flower gardens, a picture gallery, a giant swimming pool, a wrestling arena, a baseball stadium seating 56,000, tennis courts, bowling alleys and a Rugby ground.

In a world where religion, sport and culture are often (and unjustifiably) proclaimed to be at odds, the Meiji Shrine seems worth noting.



Bushed Backfield

They faked left and right,
And rattled and dangled;
Then dropped from the fight,
Not tackled, just frazzled.

—JAMES D. SMITH

HERE IS YOUR TV RATION



ARMY'S UBBY SCORING ON A PASS—AN EASTERN TELEVISION AUDIENCE SAW IT

FROM THE spectator's point of view, the best football in the nation last week was the Army-Pitt game. It was so good, a driving rain could dislodge only a casual handful of the 50,000 people jammed into Pitt Stadium. And it was so good, the National Broadcasting Company chose to televise it throughout the East. But NBC did not feel that the game warranted a coast-to-coast telecast. Instead, the most colorful and imaginative Army team in a decade will not be served up to a national audience until the Navy game Nov. 29. For football buffs it is a long time to wait.

Naturally, NBC did not schedule the first national appearance of Army at the end of the season in a moment of caprice. They did it that way because the National Collegiate Athletic Association, which controls college football television, permits only one national and one regional broadcast of any one team. The TV philosophy of the college football fathers can be roughly gisted like this: 1) TV gravy is dangerous, and 2) the gravy should be spread around, within reason.

Of course, the NCAA puts it more formally, and even though their case may not make you happy as a TV watcher, you may have to admit that it does make a case. The NCAA says its first aim is to promote and defend college football. Among other things, this means protecting a team from indecent overexposure (and the accu-

mulated monies that come with it). "To us," says Ara Bushnell, director of the NCAA's Television Committee, "television is very definitely a dangerous situation. In New York, for instance, there used to be four or five games on the air every Saturday afternoon. Nobody with a television set was going out and buying a ticket and sitting in the stands. The cost to colleges in lost receipts was immense, and the NCAA membership demanded a restricted program." Even Pitt suffered last week: the announcement, four days in advance, that the Army-Pitt game would be televised prevented a Pitt Stadium sellout.

The restrictions the NCAA imposed on the networks (and on you in a sense) in 1961 amount to a benevolent cartel, although Bushnell prefers to call them "the best compromise we could develop to solve the current problem." A wildcat fringe of free enterprise still exists on the borders of the cartel: for half a dozen years Notre Dame has had a compact with Tel-Ra Productions to film and televise Notre Dame games, but you have to wait until the following week and twist your dials a bit before you can see for yourself what the Irish did or had done to them.

As currently conceived, the NCAA-NBC plan reduces adverse effects of live TV on game attendance, spreads the sponsors' gravy (\$185,000 for a national telecast) as far as it will go,

and rah-rahs football to the public. To do all this, the NCAA permits one network, selected on a bid basis, to show 11 national games on nine weekends. (On two of the Saturdays, two games are shown on the split network.) About two dozen regional games (such as Army-Pitt) are farmed out to networks and TV cooperatives on four other weekends. As we said, it is a thought that it would have been nice to see Army on a national hookup before Thanksgiving, but that would not be according to the plan. "We are trying to do a lot of things at once," says Ara Bushnell, "and I think we are succeeding. Attendance at games is up again, and football across the country is getting publicity without losing its gate."

So the NCAA-NBC cartel is good for football. But is it good football? Yes, sometimes, but there have been some notably routine games this year on a national basis. "Well," suggests Bushnell, "let's say that if the network could pick its games without our one-exposure and geographical restrictions, it might be able to pick better ones. But then again, maybe it couldn't."

This week's football TV? Well, it will go out nationwide and will be in color, too. But it won't be any such natural as Notre Dame-Navy. The book says it's the Big Ten's turn, so you'll be seeing Wisconsin and Michigan State.

END



EMERGENCY LAMP. Installed for Russia's Mikhail Botvinnik (left) who has vision trouble, illumines board in match with Czechoslovakia's Luděk Pachman.

Photographs by Hanses Betler

THE FORWARD PASS VS. THE LINE PLUNGE

FOR 24 days, from the end of September until last week, the high and austere Congress Hall of Munich's stately Deutsche Museum has been the scene of the world's biennial Chess Olympics—team play for the championship of the world. Rain fell in Munich on the opening day as 217 of the world's best players assembled from 36 nations. And rain was still falling some 1,400 games later when Russia, for the fourth consecutive time, won the tournament.

But hardly anybody talked about the foul weather. "It has been chess and nothing but chess in Congress

Hall," wrote *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s John Mulliken. "It has been the greatest mass concentration of chess the world has ever seen."

The spectators who jammed the hall up to the ropes around the tables saw two contrasting styles of play—as different, say, as those of two football teams when one is devoted to the forward pass and the other to the old line plunge. The style of the world chess masters has long been methodical line plunging, exemplified at Munich by Russia's world champion Mikhail Botvinnik, by her ex-world champion Vassily Smyslov, and



VAST HALL OF MUNICH'S DEUTSCHE



IMMOBILE CONCENTRATION marks play of Russia's Vassily Smyslov, a conservative.

by this country's Samuel Reshevsky.

The new spirit was personified by 23-year-old Mikhail Tal, the current Russian champion. Tal, a small, dark, hawk-faced bundle of energy, looks something like a disheveled bull-fighter or a hammered-down version of Pancho Gonzales. In the final-round matches he won more points than any of the other Russians, and his lightning moves with his crippled hand stunned Munich chess watchers with their audacity.

America's Sam Reshevsky kept a journal at Munich. Some extracts: Oct. 1: "Botvinnik and Smyslov



MUSEUM BROUGHT TOGETHER 36 NATIONAL CHESS TEAMS



UPRAISED HAND of America's Samuel Reshevsky signals a cerebral decision reached, that a move is about to be made.



BURNING INTENSITY characterizes Russia's brilliant, rumpled Mikhail Tal, 22, sensational new chess master at Munich.

the least friendly and the least communicative of the Russians. When I meet them at a chess event, all I get is a shakehand."

Oct. 3: "The biggest surprise came in the second round when Duckstein of Austria beat Botvinnik. Duckstein is talented, but he is not considered among the world's leaders."

Oct. 7: "After Botvinnik lost he rested for two rounds. Then he played against France. A big lamp was placed at his table at his request. Other players comment at this: 'Is he going to see better now?' One says: 'What excuse will Botvinnik have if he should

lose now?' The reply: 'Bad lamp.'"

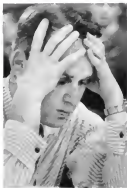
Oct. 10: "The last qualifying round was extremely exciting. Colombia was playing Argentina. If their fourth board, Martin, won, they would reach the finals. Martin lost. Munoz, the reserve man, said he would have won. Martin, enraged, started a fist fight with Munoz in the playing hall. It was a good fight. Martin's glasses were shattered."

United States strategy called for holding tactics at the first two boards (Reshevsky and William Lombardy), where most world-famous chess masters would be met, while attacking

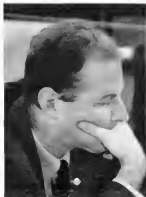
on the third and fourth boards (Arthur Bisguier and Larry Evans, with Nicholas Rossolimo as alternate). Statistics indicated it paid off in the preliminaries. In the first round of the finals the United States met Russia. It was Saturday, and as Reshevsky, an orthodox Jew, could not play until after sundown, his game with Botvinnik was to start three hours after the others.

From Reshevsky's journal: Oct. 12: "Russia refused to allow me to start at 7 p.m. The great surprise of the tournament—the U.S. tied on all

continued



WEST GERMANY'S UNZICKER THOUGHTFULLY MASSAGES BROW, HOLLAND'S KRAMER CUPS CHEEK, ARGENTINA'S REODOLFI SHADES EYES



YUGOSLAVIA'S METANOVIC CLASPS HANDS, ISRAEL'S KREIOMANN KNEADS HIS JOWLS, ARGENTINA'S FILNIK KNUCKLES CHEEKBONES

MUNICH CHESS *continued*

four boards, and that without my participation."

Midway in the finals, with Russia pulling ahead and the United States barely holding even with Yugoslavia and Argentina, the Americans decided to play all-out for wins on all four boards—"like a football team that has decided only to pass," Bisguier said. By this time nerves were getting tense. Driving a car lent by the Munich branch of Coca-Cola, Lombardy skidded on wet cobblestones, crashed and was badly stunned. It was two days before he could play again.

Moreover, Reshevsky, one of the most cautious tacticians in the history of chess, could hardly be called a

forward passer. Sometimes the result succeeded by its novelty. Reshevsky wrote of his game with Alexander of England: "I saw a terrific move, and when I saw it, I felt an indescribable joy, and my whole body relaxed. I knew I was going to win, and I did."

But more often the passes failed. Chess literature contains no more vivid account of a master's reaction to defeat than Reshevsky's notes of his game with Unzicker of West Germany: "Suddenly he made an inobvious move I had completely overlooked. I began to perspire; my face turned red. My mind became a complete blank. I sat there a few moments gazing at the board. There was no way out. I finally reconciled myself to the fact that I was lost. I made

a few more moves, than I resigned."

The result: Russia 34½ 9½ (25 won, 19 drawn); Yugoslavia 29-15; Argentina 25½ 18½; United States 24-20. Another result, from Reshevsky's notebook: "The Russians seem to be making an effort to be friendly." Lombardy's accident gave the Russian captain, Alexander Kotov, a chance for a gesture. In Moscow for a chess match some time ago Lombardy had played bridge with Kotov and, finding Kotov relatively weak, sent him a bridge book by Charles Goren, with an inscription: "Next time, I hope you play better." After the accident Kotov wrapped up the nearest chess book for Lombardy. "Next time," said the inscription, "I hope you drive better." **END**



Paul Bonner, returning in triumph to San Juan. Photograph by Iona Holliman.

"Puerto Rico gave me my first blue marlin and my first taste of dry rum. I couldn't wait to tell Greenwich about it."

"It is a tradition in Puerto Rico to toast a billfish in rum," says Paul Hyde Bonner, Jr., of Greenwich.

"After the battle, I was given a rum sour. The rum of Puerto Rico was a revelation. Bright. Clear. Brilliant. And, above all, *dry*."

"I reported my discovery to my friends back home in Greenwich and now the whole town is going wild over rum."

"We've found that rum is delicious in such

an infinite variety of drinks, Daiquiris, rum highballs, rum punches, rum and tonic.

"The dry rum of Puerto Rico even passes the supreme test. It's terrific on the rocks."

Rum Sour Recipe: 1½ oz. Puerto Rican rum, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice and strain into Sour glass. Add orange slice, cherry. For free rum recipes, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. S-6, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.



Rum Sour →

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THE BIG T PARTY BOYS

This has been a season for quarterbacks, those young men who run Saturday's show. Here are some of the best

by ROY TERRELL

At Berkeley, a large young man named Joe Kapp fled 92 yards for a touchdown, muscled his way across the goal for another and threw two passes for conversions as California demolished Oregon 23-6 and moved closer to the Rose Bowl.

At Iowa City an equally talented boy named Randy Duncan kept Iowa pointed in the same direction, passing for three touchdowns in a 26-20 victory over unbeaten Northwestern.

At Pittsburgh, Ivan Tonic threw a touchdown pass, then passed again for the all-important two points which tied Army 14-14.

At Columbus, Dale Hackbart gathered in a punt and stormed 64 yards to score, thus enabling Wisconsin to tie Ohio State 7-7. On the other side, Frank Kremlas ran, passed, punted and handled the ball beautifully to keep Ohio State unbeaten if tied.

At Philadelphia, Joe Tranchini led Navy to two quick touchdowns, then spent the rest of the afternoon huddled under a parka on the bench as outclassed Penn went under 50-8.

At Lawrence, Richie Petitbon was the one bright spot in a Tulane defeat; his passing led to the only Greene touchdown as Kansas scored a 14-9 upset.

The same names—Kapp, Duncan, Hackbart, Tonic, Tranchini and the rest—have been cropping up in much the same way each Saturday all season long. While they do not all come from the same town in South Dakota nor do they all wear spats or brush their teeth with Pepsodent, they do have quite a bit in common. Each is a T-formation quarterback, a species which this autumn seems to be occupying a great deal of the football spotlight. In a season when Neanderthal-type fullbacks are conspicuous

chiefly by their absence and most of the 9.6 halfbacks seem to be occupied elsewhere, the country is alive with good T quarterbacks.

The enthusiasm which this relatively new breed of athlete arouses in his fellow students can be seen in the picture below, taken last Saturday in the usually sedate Harvard Stadium. Charlie Ravenel, the sophomore quarterback, had just engineered an upset over Dartmouth, and was thereupon carried off the field on the shoulders of Cantabrigians, who had seldom been so worked up over a football game since the unsophisticated era of Charlie Brickley.

Other T quarterbacks are also the big news on their respective campuses.

Mississippi State has Billy Stacy and Washington State, Bob Newman. Dave Baker and Bobby Boyd do a fine job for Oklahoma, as do John Kuenzel and Rach Mayo for the Air Force. There is Jack Cummings at North Carolina, Don Meredith at SMU, Tom Greene at Holy Cross and Chick Zimmerman at Syracuse, Harvey White at Clemson, Reece Whitely at Virginia, Billy Holsclaw at Virginia Tech and Lee Grosscup at Utah; Buddy Humphrey at Baylor, Fran Curci at Miami and Bob Hickey at Illinois. Army's Joe Caldwell has taken some of the headlines away from Anderson and Dawkins, and Northwestern's young Dick Thornton may in time become the best in the entire history of the Big Ten.

There are others, too, and, in the

continued

EVEN AT HARVARD, where library is often more populated than stadium, they unbend for a good quarterback. Here Ravenel is carried off field after Saturday's win.



T QUARTERBACKS continued

selection of a handful to classify as especially outstanding, there is always the danger of ignoring the very best of all. Yet a coach in search of a good one wouldn't bother to look much further than Duncan, Hackbart, Kremblas, Petitbon, Tonceir, Tranchini or Kapp. Among them they possess all the qualities anyone could desire in a T-formation quarterback.

On an autumn afternoon in 1940 a small crowd in San Francisco's Kezar Stadium witnessed an unusually significant moment in football history.

Stanford, which was playing the University of San Francisco that day, broke from the huddle and trotted into position, a maneuver which the seven linemen managed to execute in near-flawless style. It immediately became apparent, however, that the entire backfield was lost. Instead of arranging themselves in one of the standard alignments of the day, one member tucked himself up close behind center while the other three formed a line abreast several paces to his rear. Their names were Frankie Albert, Pete Kmetovic, Norm Standlee and Hugh Gallarmenu. You may have heard of them before.

While USF was still figuratively scratching its head, Kmetovic detached himself from the others and galloped away from his left halfback position, off to the right and toward



RICHIE PETITBON of luckless Tulane as a gifted opportunist who would be sacrifice All-America quarterback, according to his coach, with just a little more support.

the sidelines as if suddenly realizing that he had come onto the field without his pants. Immediately thereafter, while USF was watching Kmetovic's progress in some wonder, the ball was snapped to Albert, and a number of strange things happened.

Gallarmenu bolted toward the middle of the line, clutching to his wishbone the football which Albert had handed him. USF swarmed over Gallarmenu only to discover that he didn't have the football at all. Instead, Standlee, from his fullback position, was pounding purposefully into left tackle, the ball cradled in his arms. So they tackled Standlee. Guess what. No football. By now USF began to suspect that hanky-panky was afoot; still, someone had to have the blasted football and, by the way, where was Albert? When this young man was observed strolling casually along several yards away, apparently looking for friends in the stands, USF raised a hue and cry and set off to lay him by the heels.

At which point Frankie, happy as a British longbowman at Crécy, prodded the football from behind his leg and lofted a long left-hand pass to Kmetovic, now forgotten and about to disappear over the horizon.

And so the T formation was born.

Not really, of course, because the T dates from sometime around 1888 and even the modern T, with its flankers and man in motion, was bouncing around the brainpans of several coaches long before Clark

Shaughnessy unleashed Albert and Co. that day in 1940. But for all practical purposes, football's most far-reaching tactical innovation since the invention of the pig came to life the moment it fell under the inspired touch of Frankie Albert, who couldn't block, couldn't tackle, was not a great passer and couldn't really run very well, yet possessed such a marvelous blend of other talents that he became the spiritual ancestor of every T-formation quarterback who has

JOE TRANCHINI is crippled Navy's big hope for victory over Army this year



JOE KAPP of California, versatile and always dangerous, may be best of the year.





SIDNEY WILLIAMS, who gives Wisconsin unusual depth at most important position, is that extreme rarity in big-time college football, a Negro T-formation quarterback.

played in all the years since. Blessed with a keen mind, a flair for the spectacular, the gift of leadership, the touch of a pickpocket and vast confidence in his own ability, he was the original con man in cleats.

The T formation has gone through a number of major changes down through the years and been exposed to countless variations. The original Stanford T—or tight T or Chicago Bears T—was followed by the split-T, which in turn ran through a number of phases itself. Then there was the wing T and the slot T and the double-wing T and now the triple-wing T. Sometimes the quarterback was primarily a passer, sometimes a runner, but the good ones always possessed at least a few of those qualities which Albert had in such abundance: imagination, leadership, coolness under fire and the guts of a hurglar. The T formation, like any other, cannot get along without fullbacks who run over people and halfbacks who run around them but, until someone invents the dismembered T, the quarterback is going to be the star of the show.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that kids grow up today wanting to be T quarterbacks, just as they grow up wanting to be the pitcher on the baseball team. And most of those who are good enough—the really gifted youngsters who are also the natural leaders—do grow up to be quarterbacks. Maybe it isn't surprising that there are so many good ones around after all.

Generally T quarterbacks today are bigger than Albert, and stronger and faster, which can probably be attributed as much to modern pre-adolescent nutrition as anything else. Although Duncan is no ball of fire as a runner and Kremblas, Tonicie and Tranchini do not exactly excel in that department, quite a few quarterbacks these days can really move with a football. Pettibon and Kapp, for example, are very fine ball carriers, and Hackbart, at times, can be sen-

RANDY DUNCAN'S inspired play has made Iowa the top team in the Big Ten.



sational. All are good passers, since this is the quarterback's basic offensive function in the T, with Duncann and Tonicie and Pettibon and Tranchini among the best in the land, just behind a small group of exceptionally gifted throwers like Meredith, Newman and Grosscup.

But running and passing and even defensive play—Tranchini, Pettibon, Tonicie and Kapp stand out here, too—are physical actions, and good halfbacks can do all of these. What most halfbacks cannot do is take over a ball club, steady it by poise and confidence, inspire it by leadership, confound the opposition with some odd-fashioned slickery and then move the team with imaginative play selection toward the goal.

There isn't too much room these days for the Albertian sleight-of-hand sort of thing—defensive linemen are no longer so easily fooled; they just sit right where they are, not daring to move until they can count the laces on the ball—but anyone who has seen Kapp or Duncan in action knows how deceptive a quarterback can still be. Duncan is perhaps the closest to Albert here, a master faker who keeps the opposition in doubt for that split second it takes a play to develop. As for Kapp, his judgment on whether to keep or pitch out on the split-T option is almost uncanny; the way in which he works the maneuver is a thing of beauty to see. Utah's coach, Ray Nagel, said after the game with Cal: "I couldn't keep my eyes off him."

Of even more importance, however, is the ability to call the right play. "The most important six inches on a football field," says Andy Pilney, "is the distance between a quarterback's ears." Since Pilney has the pleasure of coaching Pettibon he figures Tulane is rather fortunate here. Of Tranchini, who runs the injury-riddled Navy attack with such key calm that he seems to be alone on the field, Coach Eddie Erdelatz says, "I haven't disagreed with a play Joe has called this year." And of Tonicie, a gamblar with a flair for the unexpected, Pitt Coach John Michelosen says, "He has a good head and can think ahead, too . . . that don't-give-a-damn attitude keeps him poised when things go wrong."

Most important of all is the quality of leadership. Kremblas, steady and experienced but seldom so spectacular as some of the others, might be accused of benefiting unduly from a

continued on page 18

Beauty afoot at the Garden

Seventy-five years old this week, the New York National again features the elegance and grace of the world's top riders

WHENING and trotting under the lights of Madison Square Garden before the critical eyes of judges and spectators, the stylish hackney ponies and three-gaited horses pictured on the opposite page epitomize the classical elegance of the horse show. On view again this week (Nov. 4-11) during the New York National's diamond jubilee year, these breeds are as much a tradition on the horse show scene as the show itself: there were classes for them 75 years ago when the first National was held in William Vanderbilt's horsecar barn on Madison Square.

This year the show is celebrating not only its diamond jubilee but a second, minor anniversary as well. Thirty years ago the National moved from its old quarters at Madison Square to its then brand-new Garden site, and by odd coincidence this year's hackney-pony judge, Mrs. Jessie Cox of Cohasset, Mass., herself drove ponies on that memorable occasion. Furthermore, the National's new manager, Clarence (Honey) Craven (SI, July 21), started his career that same year as ringmaster—a role he filled every year until assuming his present more responsible duties.

As if to mark the anniversary, the show will bring back, for the first time since 1933, the roadsters, those flamboyant, fast-trotting horses best known today at the track. The trotters were one of the biggest crowd-pleasers at the original National, ranking second in appeal only to Ulysses S. Grant Jr.'s Arabian (a gift from the Shah of Persia), who was tied second in his class. The Arabian division, on the other hand, will be absent from this year's show. But with a record

466 horses and ponies entered, more than the facilities of the Garden can accommodate (some had to be stabled elsewhere), there will be action aplenty, with performances every morning, afternoon and evening for eight days.

As always, the international jumping will be the climax of each day—and this year the competition will be particularly keen. Though this event did not make its appearance on the New York scene until 1909, when teams from Great Britain, Canada and the United States inaugurated the contest, it has always been the favorite, an event which for years was of particular interest because it was a strictly military affair. Not until this decade, when the ranks of the cavalry in the world's armies had thinned to the point of disappearing, was the door opened to civilians.

One of the first civilian riders to jump through that door was Hugh Wiley (see cover and following page), a 31-year-old civil engineer from Towson, Md. who, strangely enough, started his international career by being drafted from the U.S. team to ride for a foreign competitor. Back in 1950, Hugh took his hunter to the trials and earned himself a place on the new United States Equestrian Team. However, when the international shows started, the luck of the Irish, who were also competing that year, turned bad and, due to injuries, they did not have enough riders to make up the required team of three.

With commendable sportsmanship, the U.S. offered one of its four riders to Ireland; straws were drawn and the Irish won Hugh Wiley. The Irish and their gift rider then promptly won the team competitions at Harrisburg and New York.

Hugh returned to his business and to riding with the local hunt until summoned by the U.S. to ride again prior to the last Olympics. However, his draft board was also beckoning. Having already served two years with the Merchant Marine after World War II, Wiley went into the Navy, but with special privileges which kept him on horseback most of the time. When he bought his palomino—"in desperation, because I needed a horse fast"—Hugh named him Nautical to honor the Navy that allowed him to do his tour of duty on a horse instead of a ship.

Last year, representing the U.S., Hugh was the leading individual rider in both New York and Toronto, defeating England's top-rated Pat Smythe and Ted Williams. He did all his winning aboard Nautical.

With Nautical, fresh from a rousing performance at Harrisburg, and Mrs. W. Joshua Barney Jr.'s Master William, Hugh will be back this week to defend his title against fellow Americans Billy Steinkraus and George Morris, Mexico's new generation of Mariles stars and an imposing array of riders from Germany, Cuba and Canada. Fortunately, an exacting situation is not something that bothers Wiley. "Competition," he says, "sharpens me. It seems to bring out the best in my riding. For some reason I make fewer mistakes under pressure."

END

The rhythmic motion of the saddle horse (right, above) and hackney pony set scene in traditional style





*In the streaming urgency of movement
demanded by international jumping,
Hugh Wiley and Nautical blend into a soaring machine*





An elegantly posed horse is studied by a judge in the ladies' three-gaited event while others already inspected are kept in motion



How to
bring
a lemon
peel
under
your spell

Perhaps you have observed with the ordinary martini, that when a lemon peel drops in, it sullenly sinks to the bottom. Now you may say that a lemon peel is likely to sink in any martini. Quite true. However, it is a matter of attitude.

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Pop Ivy's card tricks

The big news of the season is an odd-looking formation, born in Canada and now maturing with the Chicago Cardinals

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—or, more specifically, the Army—introduced a new wrinkle to football this season with Lonesome George, the isolated end. But the pros—or, more specifically, the Chicago Cardinals—have been even more inventive. Their contribution is the first truly new formation to come along since the T captured the fancy of the roaches in the early 1940s (see page 32).

It's the odd formation shown below, devised by Frank (Pop) Ivy, the Cardinals' new head coach. Pop calls it the Jack and Jill formation. Others call it anything from a spread T or a triple-wing T to less complimentary names when it breaks loose a Cardinal back or gets an end in the open. However, it is unlikely that the Ivy look will take over as quickly as did the T formation, since the Cardinals are not likely to set the

world on fire this year. Ivy's unorthodox offense has put them in third place in the league in total offense, but a leaky defense has accounted for an anemic 2-3 record to date.

Although the Cardinals lost to the Cleveland Browns for the second time last Sunday, 38-24, again it was a failure of the Card defense. Cleveland Coach Paul Brown said after his team won a 35-28 squeaker over the Cardinals earlier in the season: "Ivy took us by surprise and we did a lot of changing around to stop the offense. We didn't succeed—so we just had to outscore 'em. But you'll see a lot of that offense. The answer might be in a four-man or even a three-man defensive line. [The four-man line defense is shown below.] With those ends and halfbacks only a step out of your backfield, you have to use a lot of friendly people

back there to defend against passes."

The Browns countered Ivy's offense with the same strategy they had used in their earlier victory: they simply outscored Chicago as Jim Brown made four touchdowns and gained 180 yards rushing. But the significant thing was the Cardinals' 24 points, made despite the early loss of John Crow (knee injury). With two weeks to mull over a defense, the best defensive coach in the league, with the best defensive team, could still not make any significant reduction in the Cardinal point production.

"I got the idea for this offense in Canada," Ivy said. "The big problem there is trying to figure out what to do with that fifth back. At first, with the Cards, I used the fullback behind the quarterback—a sort of double-wing T. I had this Jack and Jill formation all the time, but we saved it for the first Cleveland game. The fullback moves into the slot to right or left outside the halfback. It gives me five receivers

continued

TRIPLE-WING T provides quick striking power with five pass receivers. Ends Gern Nagler (85) and Woodley Lewis (20). Halfbacks Ollie Matson (33) and John Crow (44) and Fullback Joe Childress (35) poised on or near scrimmage line. The defense must commit a linebacker or halfback to each receiver, leaving

the middle of the line vulnerable to a running quarterback such as Lamar McHan (8). On most plays, Matson or Crow starts in motion to the opposite side before the snap, can take handoff for sweep, running pass, or off-tackle play. By slanting in toward quarterback, they can also hit off tackle on quick opens.





STEIN ENKSEN, HEAD OF THE ASPEN SKI SCHOOL, MAIN. *ENKSEN IN NORWEGIAN. PHOTO BY JON KILGUST*

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in position to get into the defense's secondary in a few steps, and I have two backs in position to run."

The two flanked halfbacks are in position to run, although not as effectively as in a normal T. In order to hit through the line, they must slant in as the quarterback takes a couple of steps toward the prospective ball carrier. The halfbacks hit the hole at an angle to the line of scrimmage, and thus lose straight-ahead power. This is compensated in part by sending one or the other of them in motion opposite before the snap. He is then in position to take a hand-off and bang head on into the line.

"Timing was the hardest thing to perfect," Ivy says. "The back in motion has to be at precisely the right place when the ball is snapped."

The lack of straight-ahead power is balanced by the fact that the defense is forced to use its linebackers on the flanks, covering the wide-spread backs, leaving the middle of the line entirely to the four defensive linemen. If a Cardinal back breaks through, he has comparatively clear sailing until he hits the secondary defenders. With hard-driving backs like John Crow and Ollie Matson, a substantial gain is almost inevitable. A running quarterback, such as the Cardinals' Lamar McHan or Rookie M. C. Reynolds, also finds an inviting path through the middle.

All in all, it is an exciting, quick-striking offense. Its weaknesses are too little protection for a passer should the defense send the linebackers rushing in as well as the linemen; less deception than the normal pro T, since the backs can't take fake handoffs; and a lack of straight-ahead power. On the credit side, the Cardinal triple-wing forces the defense wide and thin, vulnerable to quick passes, vulnerable to a running quarterback or a slanting halfback up the middle. At present, the credits seem to outweigh the debits; if Paul Brown has had trouble devising an effective defense, it seems doubtful that one will be found soon.

In Los Angeles, 81,000 fans turned out for the Ram-Detroit lion game; 59,000 watched the Chicago Bears play the San Francisco 49ers, and Baltimore had a record crowd of 54,504 for its game with Washington. The pros, whose stock in trade is touchdowns, seemed headed for

another record season in attendance.

In the games themselves, the Baltimore Colts, raging at Washington Owner George Preston Marshall's churlishness at a Baltimore banquet (he responded to a Colt player's kidding by calling the player a liar), took it out on the Redskins 35-10, to remain undefeated. The Chicago Bears remained in second by defeating the San Francisco 49ers 27-14; George Halas, the Bear owner whose sideline antics often provoke boos from fans when the Bears are on the road, was attacked by a 49er fan at the half. The fan, police said later, was not drunk—"just a good football fan." The Detroit Lions and the Green Bay Packers won their first victories of the season, the Lions over the Los Angeles Rams (41-24) and the Packers over Philadelphia Eagles (38-35).

The New York Giants, without Frank Gifford, who is sidelined by torn knee ligaments, and also without Quarterback Charley Conerly, who is sidelined by Quarterback Don Heinrich, nevertheless stayed within shooting distance of Cleveland in the Eastern Conference by splashing to a 17-6 victory over Pittsburgh. **END**

X-RAY OF LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts.	Yds Rush	Yds Pass	Pct Comp
Browns vs. Cardinals	38-24	266-136	110-114	10-14
Giants vs. Steelers	17-6	146-45	29-194	2-10
Colts vs. Redskins	35-10	186-167	204-15	12-20
Bears vs. 49ers	27-14	112-68	236-256	13-24
Lions vs. Rams	41-24	152-48	170-225	13-26
Packers vs. Eagles	38-35	127-118	191-293	14-25

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN CONFERENCE				
	Win	Lost	Tied	Pct
Cleveland	5	0	0	1.000
New York	3	2	0	.600
Chicago Cardinals	2	3	0	.400
Washington	2	3	0	.400
Philadelphia	1	4	0	.200
Pittsburgh	1	4	0	.200
WESTERN CONFERENCE				
	Win	Lost	Tied	Pct
Baltimore	5	0	0	1.000
Chicago Bears	4	1	0	.800
Los Angeles	2	3	0	.400
San Francisco	2	3	0	.400
Detroit	1	3	1	.250
Green Bay	1	3	1	.250



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Dissertation on roast deer

**An oversized roast proves a harrowing trial—
and an old recipe makes a great venison stew**

SOME WINTERS ago, at a large house party in New Hampshire where the guests took turns cooking in teams, the hostess produced half of a deer. It had been shot by the farmer in self-defense, of course, skinned, split lengthwise and frozen solid. "We all adore roast venison," the hostess announced gaily. "Mary and Eddie will cook it for tomorrow's dinner?" I gasped, and my co-cook said feebly, "You'd better buy all the cheap gallon red wine in the village!"

After she had left on this errand, we looked at each other, transfixed with horror. "It's as stiff as a board," he said. "It won't unfreeze till Easter. Maybe the beast won't fit in the oven, anyway." It was a tight squeeze but, as the carcass had been cut at the shoulder and below the rump, it would, it just would fit. For the stove was an enormous cast-iron, wood-burning affair, with a cavern of an oven that could have roasted Hånel along with Gretel.

So there was nothing for it but to go at the job. We secretly consulted a cookbook, the only one in the house that included venison. "Greatly overrated as food," we read, "... is cooked in the same manner as sirloin steak." This information left us slightly shaken.

A little later, the other guests were greatly impressed as we poured wine over the half deer in the laundry tub, throwing in generous handfuls of every spice and herb we could find in the kitchen. Several people asked how long we were going to roast it, and one or two pointed out that they were glad somebody was doing this who knew something about it (Eddie being a member of a famous eating club).

The day of the feast, everyone else departed early for the ski slopes, leaving us cooks alone with our forebodings, with the soaking and still-frozen carcass, and the stove, in which my colleague had the wit to build up a huge fire. We tried, without success, to weigh our animal on some bathroom scales; the scales proved to be broken. After that, I think we flipped a coin. Somehow the figure of 3½ hours was arrived at as the correct roasting time—which, of course, was ridiculously little for so very large a hulk. We squeezed the thing into the oven, laying it on the bars with some shallow old-fashioned milk pans on the oven floor to catch the drip.

I can't remember what else we cooked for dinner. I can only remember the surprise of how wonderful that venison proved to be. As presented at the table on a massive wooden shutter, it was of baronial size and splendor, as black and as imposing as the Grand Abbot

of the Benedictines in his bearskin cloak. When carved, the meat proved of a perfect medium-rareness and tenderness. Some miracle must have occurred in the old cast-iron stove when it was heated to red-hot. In fact, I think the old stove simply took over and, without regard to our hits, runs and errors, cooked our venison for us, just as the cookbook had advised, like sirloin steak.

Since then, like many other cooks, I have dealt with this form of game on an ordinary stove, using lesser cuts. But saddles and haunches of venison are often hard to buy in perfect condition to roast, are cumbersome and long to marinate, and depleting to the pocketbook. As I now think of it, possibly I married my husband because of his family's ancestral recipe for venison stew. This is quite grand enough for dinner parties, a quality rare in a stew. And yet, the shoulder of any member of the deer family—elk, antelope, etc.—is adequate for its preparation; even frozen reindeer will do. This stew is no quick-cooking trick to put on the table. Like marriage, it needs love, a little skill and a lot of patience.

VENISON STEW

Serves eight. Allow about 3½ hours cooking time plus time needed to marinate and cut up the meat.

First marinate or soak-to-tenderize about 5 pounds of boned venison overnight in red wine with a tiny handful of herbs and spices: peppercorns, bay leaves, 2 or 3 cloves, thyme, celery leaves, parsley—anything that gives a taste! Turn the meat once or twice.

Next day, preserving the marinade, cut venison into small cubes, using a very sharp knife, and discard all fat, connective tissue and inedible portions. Shake the meat cubes in a paper bag with a little flour to coat lightly, evenly. Melt some salt pork in a heavy pan and in this brown, but do not burn, the floured cubes, stirring constantly. Transfer browned pieces to iron or other heavy pot, pour over just enough liquid to cover—half broth (preferably chicken broth) and half strained marinade. Set on stove to simmer gently, adding a little salt and the following "bouquet" tied up tightly in a cheesecloth bag: several whole branches of parsley and 1 clove garlic, 1 leek, 7 shallots, 1 single stalk celery—all finely chopped. Cover pot.

Remove the bag of seasoning after 1 hour's simmering or the taste will be too pronounced. Continue simmering for 2 more hours, adding more broth if needed. All this can be done in advance and the stew reheated if desired.

To complete the dish, cut up a pound of unpeeled mushrooms in medium-sized pieces; sauté in butter. Add these, together with ½ glass currant jelly, and more salt if needed, to the stew just before serving piping hot—accompanying with wild rice or by hominy grits and a dish of roasted, peeled, buttered chestnuts; also, of course, a full-bodied red wine, such as the fine Burgundy in the photograph at left.

In clover over there

Thriving foreign automakers are busting buttons at London's big show this week—and eying the U.S. as eagerly as ever. Sports Illustrated here presents its own showing of new foreign cars



WORLD FAMED SPORTS CAR is Germany's Mercedes 300SL, fitted with this detachable hardtop for the first time. Top speed: 155 mph. Price in the U.S.: about \$11,330.



Illustration by F. Reddy

THE feast days of the automobile world are those given to its great shows. They are visual feasts of course, and this week the table is laid at the 43rd Earls Court show in London. Wide-eyed Britons in impressive numbers are paying out hard-earned shillings to ogle the plain and fancy stuff of Europe's booming automobile industries. Every day, Juan Manuel Mitty's win dramatic races, in the mind, in such distinguished high-performance cars as the mint-new Aston Martin DB4 (see page 56). Others daydream to the country in the new Austin A40 station wagon-sedan (page 53). For American daydreamers *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* presents on the following pages its own foreign car show—a worldwide selection of newsmakers, curiosities and hardy perennials, including the decidedly dreamworthy new Mercedes 300SL, hard-top (above), which isn't being shown at Earls Court.

Americans year after year are buying more and more foreign cars (probably 300,000 in 1958). And year after year European manufacturers are adding more color, brightwork and zip to more models to appeal to U.S. tastes. This is but one aspect of an international cross-fertilization that becomes ever more apparent. For example, much of the lackluster styling for which Britain is

continued



THE NETHERLANDS' DAF, whose debut is due early in 1969, is only 12 feet long, weighs only 1,268 pounds. Suspension is independent front and rear. The air-cooled, 390-cc. engine produces 22 hp. Top speed of 75 mph is claimed.



FRANCE'S FACEL VEGA is its answer to other nations' luxury cars. Secretary Dulles was the first VIP to ride in one brought by the French.

AUTOMOBILES *continued*

notorious is yielding to new designs—Italian in the case of the Aston Martin and Austin, which are big hits at Earls Court. It is no secret that Detroit too has invested heavily in prototypes from Italian designers, or that the Italians have followed Detroit's lead in providing more

creature comforts. Detroit's influence is unmistakable in cars like the Borgward and the Fiat on the next pages.

Booming is perhaps too mild an adjective for the state of foreign car production. A good part of West Germany's postwar "economic miracle" is due to the auto industry, which built 1,212,232 cars and trucks in 1957 and 741,322 in the first six months of this year. Nearly 50% of the



ITALY'S ALFA ROMEO 2000, by the renowned stylist Pinin Farina, has a wrap-around grille that Detroit might envy. A 160-mph touring car suited to fierce Italian driving habits, it is surefooted in the country and showy in town.

BRITAIN'S ASTON MARTIN DB4, which has a handsome four-seat Italian body by Touring of Milan atop the run-proven chassis, is the





government). This Excellence model is fast, silent, beautifully finished and costly (\$12,500). The cars have American Chrysler engines.



JAPAN'S SUBARU is typical of the new, highly popular midget cars (in Germany, one of every three cars sold is a midget). The Subaru is 10 feet long, has a two-cylinder, 356-cc., 20-hp rear-mounted engine and weighs only 882 pounds.

1958 production is being exported. Britain turned out more than 1,150,000 vehicles in 1957 and produced a record 550,669 passenger cars in the first half of 1958. France built 925,800 vehicles last year and expands apace. Italian passenger car production first exceeded 100,000 in 1956; it soared to 318,488 last year and is still soaring.

Anyone with a taste for glittering generalities can work

up his own catalog of national characteristics from the publicity photographs that flow out from the manufacturers and reveal, as well, the extent of the spread of American advertising gimmicks. Take the three above, for instance. Here we have the warmth of Dutch family life, French glamour and chic and the approving pat of a Japanese Sumo wrestler being used to entice the buyer.

particular star of London's Earls Court show. Top speed is 150 mph, and the car can accelerate to 100 mph and stop in just 27 seconds.



BRITAIN'S LOTUS ELITE COUPE, toying stablemate of Lotus racing cars, is based on an ingenious lightweight space frame, hugs the road like a limpet and can hit 125 mph. That's Designer-Builder Colin Chapman, 36, at the door.

CONTINUED



BRITAIN'S ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER CLOUD, here passing a Suffolk hunt group, has a mystical appeal for admirers of fine cars. It is silent, fast, nimble for a large car and meticulously made. Its price in the eastern United States is about \$13,550.



WEST GERMANY'S BORGWARD blossoms out with tail fins and two-tone coloring, reflecting American influence. The



EAST GERMANY'S WARTBURG, recently earmarked for export to U.S., has a three-cylinder engine of 990 cc. and is said

ITALY'S MULTIPA, not to be confused with the small Fiat station wagon sold under the same name in the U.S., is a stylish carryall based on the Fiat 600 chassis.



RUSSIA'S MOSKVITCH shows that even that austere country is not immune to the spread of the two-tone paint treatment. This car has the look of a typical European machine; ZILs resemble prewar Packards.





Isabella coupé above has a four-cylinder, 1.5-liter engine, can top 96 mph. More than a third of Borgward cars go to U.S.



to be capable of 85 mph. Under rigid quota system East Germany produced 35,397 cars in 1957; 1958 quota is 39,906.



ITALY'S FIAT 1100 contrasts sharply here with a centuries-old village street. The car is Italy's answer to Germany's enormously popular Volkswagen and France's pert Renault Dauphine. For Italianate quickness it rivals the cat at the rear wheel.

ITALY'S FIAT 1900 GREY LUCE reflects the pattern of U.S. hardtop styling. It is a sporty version of the standard Fiat 1900 sedan, and is one of many special Italian cars based on mass-produced chassis.



BRITAIN'S AUSTIN A40 SEDAN-WAGON was smartly styled by Italy's Farina. When the rear seats are folded the space behind the front seats becomes a cargo area.



Meet my partner

Not long ago, about halfway through one of our less successful sessions, my most frequent and most favorite bridge partner chirped: "That's one hand we'll never see in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED." It gave me an idea.

For today I turn the podium over to her. She is, of course, Helen Sobel, acknowledged by all to be the greatest woman player of all time and, in my book, that puts her right at the top of all players, regardless of sex. Now may I introduce: my partner.



MRS. SOBEL IS KIRITIZED BY GOREN

MY friend Charlie Goren is a persuasive salesman. When he invited me to be his guest in this column, he didn't try to convince me that I was a great writer with a deathless message. He just said: "Helen, you know the questions people always ask? Answer them in print just once, and think of all the breath you'll save."

I really don't mind answering questions. I am in favor of crossword puzzles, conversation, dancing and many other social activities. It's just that the questions are so often the same. In bridge, at least, there are some 63 billion different hands, so they say.

The last three words are not purely feminine skepticism. Mathematics—not one of my best subjects—I think is an overrated science. This isn't part of my supposed pose as a feather-brained blonde. But I am like the little girl in a public school whose teacher asked, "Does anyone know about multiplication?" A sea of blank faces caused her to add: "You know, like four times four." "Oh, yes," responded the daughter of a bridge-playing family. "That's 16, the point count for four aces."

(All right, Mr. G., I'll leave the gags to you and get down to answering the questions. If this column turns out badly, you don't have to invite me again. But stay over on your side of the table and let me play this one for myself, the way you do in a bridge tournament.)

There, by the way, is part of the answer to one of the most frequent questions: "What makes ours such a good partnership?" We respect each other's game. We have a good partnership because we like to play

together; because we have been playing as partners for a long time; because neither of us plays "fancy."

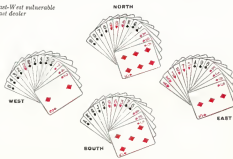
How good are women players? Drumbeaters for masculine superiority point to the great number of men and the comparatively few women among the top-ranked life masters. This is about as logical as Moran's explanation to Mack (or maybe it was Mack's to Moran) of why black horses eat more than white horses. Sure there are more black horses—but that doesn't mean they can run faster.

The really good players among the women are just as good, I think, as the best of the men players. There just aren't as many of them—which may prove my point. Most women have more sense than to try to be

the world's greatest bridge players.

What skill is the most important in bridge? Bridge is a many-faceted game. Which is more important: bidding or play? Accuracy or brilliance? Fooling the opponents or fathoming their attempts to fool you? Some great players will be stronger at one than another; none has any real weakness. But, as you know, bridge is a partnership game so perhaps the most important skill is being a good partner. For me, at least, no partner can compare with Charles H. Goren. What makes him a great partner? Let me tell you about one of the countless hands we have played together.

East-West vulnerable
East dealer



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1♥	1♠	PASS	2♠
DOUBLE	2♠	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: heart 2

You certainly can't blame Charlie for staying out of the bidding with that enormous West hand, despite the fact that he did hold a minor honor in clubs.

If you were sitting in his chair, which deuce would you have played on my second high heart, and which on the third? Players unhappily endowed with so many low cards are often careless of how they play them, but Charlie used all four of his deuces to beat advantage.

When I cashed a second trick in hearts he discarded the club deuce. But when I cashed the third high heart he did not make the mistake of discarding the diamond deuce. That would have told me not to lead either clubs or diamonds and I would have played a fourth heart, hoping to establish a trump trick for West if he held three to the jack. But West did not have a trump to beat dummy's 10. South would have discarded a diamond and the hand would make.

Charlie took me off that spot. He trumped the third heart with the deuce of spades in order to return the deuce of diamonds. Declarer couldn't avoid losing to my diamond king and the ace of clubs. Spectacular! Perhaps not, now that you've read about it. But when you can save your partner from any chance of making a mistake it's a perfect example of being a good partner.

What do I get out of bridge? An intellectual challenge. The thrill of excelling. Fun. An opportunity to travel and meet people I might otherwise never have enjoyed. Budapest in 1937 as a member of Ely Culbertson's team; Ireland, Monte Carlo, Paris, Jamaica and Rio—where I became the first and perhaps the only woman admitted to the Jockey Club. (They love their bridge in Brazil.)

Which is the strongest part of my game? Maybe someone else ought to answer that, but I have my own ideas. One does best what one likes best. Or maybe it's vice versa. Anyway my preference is playing as declarer.

Bidding and defensive play are both like being in the chorus—you have to make every move in concert with a partner, who may take command. But there's a sense of freedom from constraint that comes when partner puts down the dummy, and from that point on it's up to you.

Which is my favorite hand? It would have to be one I played as declarer, of course. Among those I remember

fondly is this one which, coincidentally, also involves a hand where West held four deuces.

Both sides
vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠ K 5		♠ A K	
♥ 10 7 4 3		♥ K J 9 6	
♦ A 9 6 3		♦ 10 4	
♣ K 5 4		♣ J 9 6 3	

WEST		EAST	
♠ 10 9 4 2		♠ A K	
♥ 2		♥ K J 9 6	
♦ Q 5 5 2		♦ 10 4	
♣ 10 8 7 2		♣ J 9 6 3	

SOUTH (ME)	
♠ Q J 7 6 3	
♥ A Q 5	
♦ K J 7	
♣ A Q	

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1♥	DOUBLE	PASS	2♠
PASS	2 N.T.	PASS	2 N.T.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: club 2

I won the first trick with the ace of clubs and took inventory. East had opened the bidding, so he must have the ace-king of spades and the king of hearts. The only high card West could hold was the queen of diamonds—but East might have it, as well. Unless I overtook the queen of clubs with dummy's king, thereby unguarding the club suit, I could get to dummy only once, with the ace of diamonds. So I couldn't lead up to my spades twice—and besides, I might need dummy's ace of diamonds in order to take a diamond finesse.

Suddenly a light dawned. Though he held an entry-poor hand, West had refrained from leading his partner's suit. He must have either none or a singleton. Also, he opened the *deuce* of clubs, showing a four-card suit. Why didn't he open from a five-card suit? Because he didn't have one! Then his 13 cards must be divided 4-4-4-1. In that case, he held four spades. And since East had to have the ace-king of spades for his opening bid, it was as certain as if I had looked into his hand that he held the ace-king alone.

So, I led a low spade from my hand. The king of spades fell, the kibitzers oohed and I wound up making four no trump for a top score on the board!

Do kibitzers make me nervous? No, indeed. But sometimes they make me cross. How? By putting a foot on my chair. By breathing down my neck. And, sometimes—in the middle of a hand, for example—by asking me questions like these I've just answered.

END

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Tip from the Top

One method of putting

I USED TO BE AN in-and-out-er on the greens, but I've been putting very well, I'd say, since adopting George Low's method. George is one of the greatest putters any of us have encountered, and since his method is simplicity itself, I'd like to pass it along to you.

The fact that underlies George's method is the necessity of keeping the face of the putter square to the hole (or to the point on a rolling green you are aiming at) throughout the stroke. The position of the left hand on the shaft is the key to achieving this. At address, with the club face square, the back of the left hand must set up so that it is absolutely square to the hole. When you take the club back, as the left wrist breaks, the back of the left hand remains square. On the forward stroke, you simply let the weight of the clubhead strike the ball, with the back of the left hand remaining square to the hole right through to the finish of the stroke. When the back of the left hand is square to the hole, the putter face is also square, because they are always at the same angle.

Let me point out again, since it is very important, that on the forward stroke you don't urge the blade on with a deliberate action of the hands. You just let the weight of the clubhead create its own speed. The ball will be struck true and will roll with perfect rotation. All in all, it's a method that enables you to keep your body motionless when you putt and, moreover, it develops touch.



The back of the left hand remains square to the line at address, on the downswing and on the follow-through

NEXT WEEK: Walter Burkemo on buried and half-buried lies

Horse of the inner man

Neji, our greatest jumper, makes a heartfelt farewell to American competition

THERE is something about the outside of a horse that is good for the inside of a man. Last week's \$50,000 Temple Gwathmey, the world's richest steeplechase, which is run over two and one half miles and 13 fences, was a perfect illustration of this.

People who are seldom seen at Belmont Park went out to see Neji, the greatest steeplechase horse in the world, carry 176 pounds in defense of his Gwathmey success of a year ago, when he won under 173 pounds.

No horse had ever tried to carry 176 pounds in competition over a major track, and, as his groom suggested, Neji was trying to "carry more weight successfully than any other horse in the history of the Temple Gwathmey since himself." It was also to be the last run for Neji on American soil, his owner, Mrs. Ogden Phipps, having decided that this supreme horse should be sent to England, France and Ireland next spring to try their finest jumpers. Since buying him in May of 1953 for \$16,500 Mrs. Phipps has watched the son of Hunters Moon IV—Acra become the greatest money-winning jumper ever, with earnings of \$267,664.

Forty-five minutes before the race, as Neji was led from his barn to the saddling shed, coterie followed on each side of him. Twice when he halted everyone halted. Both times he looked around, lifting his huge head into the dank mist. Then, as he started walking again, it was as if some strange blithe drummer were banging away and his followers picked up step and followed him. "Make way," his groom said, "make way for the horse what am!"

Upon reaching his stall he stood stoically while Mrs. Phipps quietly confided to her trainer, 29-year-old Mike Smithwick, "He's redder today than I've ever seen him before. Usually he's more chestnut but today he's

a beautiful red, Mike. He seems just full of himself." Mike's brother, Pat, Neji's 31-year-old rider and the top jump jockey in the country, hooded Neji in old-rose blinkers and walked to the paddock.

Later, when Neji reached the track, people applauded him, perhaps for his outstanding record, perhaps for his remarkable durability, perhaps for the verve with which he takes his fences, caring not for the arduous ascents nor the dangerous descents under heavy weights. He walked to the starting barrier directly in front of the stands. Twice there were false starts, and as his seven opponents pranced and shook their heads Neji stood fast. Then, as the tape sprung, every eye seemed to look only at him, to make sure that he got away all right. He took his first fence poorly and at his second he landed poorly. He shuttled between fifth and sixth for a mile and a half but at the top of the backstretch as he started his run one could almost hear him crackle. He sailed over the 11th fence like a swallow and pounded toward the 12th, gaining on the front-runners. He cleared that easily and at the top of the stretch he was on the outside. At the last fence he seemed to know that this would be his last jump in America and he hoisted himself over it and past the leading Benguala.

But Benguala came again along the rail and Neji's legs hit the ground with the heavy strokes of a hammer beating on an anvil. He could maneuver his legs but not really stretch them out. In the last 200 yards the weight got him, and Benguala, with 29 fewer pounds on his back, had the advantage. Benguala beat him a desperate, thrusting head at the winning post.

Mrs. Phipps rose to leave her box, and Ray Wolfe, Benguala's trainer, came to shake her hand before receiving the trophy of victory. Mrs. Phipps nodded thanks and walked alone down under the stands to meet Pat Smithwick as he returned from the track. She grabbed Smithwick by the hand and said, "Pat, it was his greatest race."

END

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quarterback's greatest asset—seven good linemen and three other good backs—were it not for the fact that even Ohio State frequently stalls when he is out of the game. "He's the kind of a boy," says Woody Hayes, "that makes a team go."

As a junior, Kapp seemed to have a theory that leading meant making more noise than anyone else, which left California a bit uncertain whether it wanted to follow or not. Now, more mature and self-confident, Kapp exudes a quiet magnetism that he transmits to his teammates without raising his voice. As a result, they follow. Navy players have great respect for Tranchini, who came up from the third string to take over the team as if it had belonged to him for years, and there is a noticeable lift at Iowa when Duncan comes on the field. And the same might be true at Wisconsin were Hackbart not backed up by Sidney Williams.

In a position where leadership and personal acceptance by the team is of such paramount importance, Williams is that rarity in big-time college football, a Negro T-formation quarterback. Were it not for Hackbart's brilliance, he would be No. 1 on one of the best teams in the land. As a matter of fact, this is exactly the position Williams held through most of the 1957 season until the gifted sophomore moved him to second string.

Williams is, in some ways, the most typical of all, for in addition to being a good football player—he can pass and run and excels on defense—he is a leader on the campus as well. Serious and intelligent, he is vice-president of his fraternity, a good student in the tough school of chemical engineering and popular with his classmates. Williams came to Wisconsin four years ago after graduating with honors from high school in Little Rock, Arkansas, and Wisconsin is happy to have him. "Someone's loss is Wisconsin's gain," figures Coach Bruhn, who had the foresight to see that Williams was the kind of man who could handle the job. "Quarterback is one position," Bruhn says, "where we are pretty well fixed."

It is a good place to be pretty well fixed in. The T is not dead, after all, and good T quarterbacks, like good pitchers in baseball, are handy to have around. To borrow a phrase from Casey Stengel, "Nobody ever had too many of 'em."

END

Yellow takes to the woods

AS THE Oregon woods, the Dakota plains, the Michigan forests and the Carolina hills echo to the boom of guns this season, they will also be aglow with gunners in raiment brighter than a harvest moon. For this is the year that yellow takes to the woods—on the backs of those who prefer not to be taken for deer or other quarry by shoot-then-think hunters. Yellow has been coming for three years, ever since tests started by two California optometrists and further carried out by National Rifle Association and U.S. Army experts proved that yellow is by far the most visible color in the spectrum. The long-favored red, it was found, under many conditions is scarcely distinguishable from evergreen even by the normally visioned. Since this is the first season that yellow hunting clothes are available in most stores, red is still going strong, particularly in conservative New England—after all, grandpop wore it and didn't get shot. But last week yellow hats and vests for upland shooting were out-selling red at St. Paul's Gekey Co.; in Boise, where perhaps men know the dangers of being mistaken for a bunk of venison best, it's yellow two to one.

Photograph by Skerland

HUNTER JIM CONNELLY is vibrantly visible in his chrome-yellow down-filled poplin shooting jacket (\$45), matching billed cap (\$4, both S. E. Woods), and insulated rubber boots (\$20, Thermo-Pac). All clothes are from Abercrombie & Fitch.





WINSOME AND AFFECTIONATE PUPPIES, THE 3-MONTH-OLD SPRINGER SPANIELS SHOWN ABOVE WILL MAKE FINE HUNTING DOGS

IF YOU SHOULD get down on your hands and knees and crawl through a field of tall grass, you could sniff until you were blue in the face and still not know if there was a pheasant hiding a few feet upwind of you or if a wounded bird had run through that clump of cover a few minutes earlier. This is one difference between you and a field-trained English springer spaniel. (There are other differences, of course. The English springer spaniel is better-natured, his eyes are more soulful and he's more devoted to his employer.)

Other gun dogs can find pheasants, too; dog for dog, in fact, the various pointing breeds can generally locate more pheasants in a given time than the slower-moving, more methodical springer. It is the particular genius of the springer, however, that he does

not merely locate pheasants but can cope with them to the satisfaction of his gunner master, "springing" them into the air within range of the gun instead of half a field away, and before the birds have raced into the next township.

For the ring-necked pheasant is a runner and has been the near ruin of many a pointer and setter trained on bobwhite quail. Instead of lying motionless and almost invisible when pointed by a bird dog, as the bobwhite does, the pheasant skulks off swiftly through the covert when he senses the dog near by, doubling and twisting like a purse snatcher in Times Square and leaving the dog, which was trained to hold a point indefinitely, baffled and birdless. Often, in his frustration the pointer begins to break point and rush in to flush

the runner—usually several gunshot lengths ahead of the gunner.

The English springer spaniel, on the other hand, is trained to work close to the gun. When he picks up the trail of a running bird and takes off after it, threatening to get beyond gun range, the gunner calls or whistles him to a halt or casts him off in another direction until the hunter can catch up and give the signal to take up the hot trail again. (The alternative to this is to run after the dog, and few gunners over 40 can keep up with a fleeing pheasant for 50 yards, then shoot it as it suddenly takes to wing.) Eventually, if the bird stays within the gunner's hailiwick, he and his spaniel catch up to it: this time, or perhaps the next time, the hard-pressed ringneck takes to the air within range of a load of sixes. When



AT THIS AGE, THEY ARE READY TO BEGIN BASIC TRAINING

SPRINGERS ARE SPECIAL

**At home, in competition or on a hunt,
the English springer spaniel is a
convivial, all-round sporting companion**

by ED ZERN

seeking game, the springer covers a swath of ground about 40 to 50 yards wide, swinging back and forth across it ahead of the gunner in a manner that can best be described as windshield wiperish (except that a windshield wiper is mechanical and unthinking, and most spaniel fanciers disdain the too-mechanical dog, preferring the animal which, although under control at all times, has a mind and will and initiative of his own). When he locates a bird, the springer rushes it, forcing it to take wing; instantly, if he's properly trained, the dog sits, or "hups," until the bird is shot and he is ordered to find and retrieve it. By the same token, the springer hups to gunshot, even if he hasn't seen the bird flush, and awaits the command to retrieve, or to resume hunting if the bird was missed.

The English springer may also be used as a "nonslip" retriever, staying at heel as the gunner walks up birds in a field or jumps puddle ducks from a marsh. He will hup at gunshot, marking the fall of shot game, then retrieve it on command. He may also earn his keep as a wildfowl retriever, crouching beside the gunner in a blind and going forth on command to fetch downed ducks from land or water. He is thus a splendid choice for the gunner who must settle for one all-purpose dog; for the man who shoots pheasants, grouse, woodcock and waterfowl in the course of a year, the well-trained English springer can be a good and useful companion on all his shooting forays. He is an especially fine choice if he is called on to double as a house dog and family pet between field expedi-

tions, for his disposition is convivial, his nature affectionate and his spirit gentle. (Other excellent all-purpose dogs are the Labrador and golden retrievers, which, although most frequently trained and used as nonslip retrievers, may be taught to find and flush upland birds while staying fairly close to the gun. But it's easier to train a close-working, questing dog to retrieve than to train a retriever to work closely, and as a family pet the springer has the advantage of smaller size, fitting more conveniently into the family car or the city apartment.)

The word *spaniel* probably comes from the French *espagnol*, and there seems little doubt that the various spaniels originated in Spain and spread throughout Europe wherever

continued

small game was hunted, being often intentionally crossed with other breeds in an effort to improve hunting qualities.

The date of the spaniel's arrival in England—probably by way of France—is unknown. The first written reference to spaniels is in a French book written about 1375, and they were also described by the Comte de Foix in his *Book of the Chase* in the 14th century. Both Chaucer and the shadowy Dame Juliana Berners refer to spaniels, which were then used by falconers and netters to flush game birds into flight, and the early English settlers brought spaniels with them to America aboard the *Mayflower* and later ships.

Until less than a century ago springers, like beagles, were expected to—and did—give tongue on sighting or scenting game, but today a spaniel would be drummed out of a field trial for barking when making game. The mere thought of a tonguing springer is shocking to most present-day fanciers, but this seems to be more a matter of tradition than logic, and no one seems sure whether the noisiness was bred out of the springer by acci-

dent or design. In fact, no one is certain whether the modern breed of springer was established in its present form several centuries ago or has been crossbred with other spaniels until fairly recently—and no one greatly cares. The breed was recognized by the Kennel Club of England in 1902 and by the American Kennel Club about 1910. In 1927 the English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Association, formed by a group of enthusiasts three years earlier, was named as the parent club and empowered to continue working to improve the breed.

The name of the parent club is significant. The founders were determined to preserve the sporting characteristics of the breed and to defend it against the bench-show breeders who had turned other working breeds into brainless, useless, prettified nincompoops. To emphasize their determination, they incorporated "field trial" into the name of their group, and bench as well as field trials are held under the auspices and control of this sport-oriented body. Samuel G. Allen, a New York businessman prominent in bird-dogdom, was the association's first president, and the first English springer spaniel field trial held in America was run at Fish-

er's Island in Long Island Sound during October of 1924 with a judge, William Humphrey, imported from England for the occasion. Humphrey, a professional breeder and trainer with headquarters in Shropshire, gave several demonstrations, using hares of dogs and teams of four, and helped to arouse considerable interest in the breed among many who had come as merely curious spectators.

A NATIONAL TRIAL

During the 10 years following, a number of British amateur experts were invited to visit America as judges and guests of the association's top officers, helping to establish proper standards of field-trial procedures and judging. For more than a quarter century trials continued to be held on Fisher's Island, but it was not until 1936 that a national trial was attempted, with all dogs that had placed in open stakes eligible for entry. It took place at Saybrook, Conn., and professional handlers were barred, but because the tests were too difficult for the dogs (or the dogs too poorly trained for the tests) the judges declined to name a winner. In 1947 it was decided that a three-day trial of

continued



FIELD TRIALS test the ability of a perfectly trained gun dog under difficult but

typical shooting conditions. The handler shown above combines hand and voice

signals to send his springer spaniel into the field to retrieve bird during trial

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SPRINGER SPANIELS *continued*

not less than five or more than seven land series, plus two water tests, would minimize the element of luck—always present to some degree in a field trial—and the National Championship Trial of that year, held at the Crab Orchard Lake Refuge near Marion, Ill., was so successful that subsequent national trials have followed this pattern.

The purpose of a field trial is primarily to rate the abilities of competing gun dogs to perform the work for which they were trained. In the case of the English springer, a trial is supposed to approximate difficult but not freakish rough-shooting conditions near water. Competing spaniels are usually judged two at a time, and as they work ahead of the gallery on parallel beats, one judge concentrates on each dog. Since the dogs alternate beats with each new series, both judges see every dog work several tests. (The gallery follows behind the judges as the dogs work through their assigned cover, and spectators without briarproof clothing and waterproof footwear are apt to find the going fairly difficult.) At the end of each series the judges confer and decide which dogs should be dropped from consideration. When entry lists are large this weeding-out process can be ruthless until the field is cut down to manageable size.

Although ordinary barnyard pigeons are used in minor trials, live pheasants and ducks are used at important meets. The pheasants, having been "rocked" (dizzied slightly so that they'll stay put until the dogs work up to them), are planted several hundred yards ahead of the dogs, in clumps of cover or tufts of grass.

This is not quite as simple as it sounds, since if pheasants are dizzied too much they may refuse to fly even when the dog rushes them, and if they're not rocked at all they may be a half mile away by the time the spaniels reach the spot where they were put down. At the 1957 National many birds refused to fly, or fluttered only a few feet, probably because they'd been exposed to cold rains in unprotected coops overnight; the effect was to confuse dogs, handlers, judges and guns, and to introduce a note of artificiality, since wild birds flush and fly strongly.

The expense of live pheasants is considerable, and at a major trial several hundred birds may be used at

a cost of \$3 or \$4 a pheasant. Hence, entry fees may run \$17.50 or more per entry in a licensed trial, and up to \$50 for the National.

When on trial, each dog is expected to quarter every bit of ground ahead of him, including the patches of coverless and obviously birdless ground that an experienced field-trained spaniel would pass over without hunting. This is a major difference between the dog trained for practical shooting and the dog trained for field-trial competition; the latter is expected to hunt even where his experience and bird sense tell him no game is to be found, as evidence that he is under absolute control of his handler.

A JOB FOR THE GUNS

When the planted birds are flushed, they are allowed to fly a reasonable distance—perhaps 25 yards, or to the limit of the gun's killing range if the judges have asked for a long retrieve—before being shot by the official guns. The guns, who are generally crack wing shots and familiar with field-trial procedures, are supposed to act on behalf of the dog's handler in order to assure that each dog will have shot game to retrieve. Guns are not supposed to run after a dog when he is making game, since no birds should be flushed except within gun-shot; and after shooting the flushed bird they should remain perfectly still so as not to interfere with the dog or his handler. According to *Standard Procedure for Spaniel Field Trials*, the guns should use well-choked 12-gauge double-barreled weapons loaded with No. 5 or 6 chilled shot, but some of the best field-trial guns think 7½ shot is more effective for pheasants. (An acquaintance of mine who is a better-than-fair wing shot was asked to stand in for a missing gun at a Brittany spaniel trial one time and, although nervous at the thought of shooting before a gallery, he killed cleanly the first three quail that got up before him. He was feeling rather cocky about this until one of the judges called him over and said, "If you please—just wingtip the next one.")

Spaniels are judged on their responsiveness to their handlers' directions, which should be given as quietly as possible, by voice, hand or whistle. The *Standard Procedure* lists eight other points of evaluation: Scenting ability and use of wind; Manner of covering ground and brisk-

continued



See Section 11.1. If $\gamma = 1$, then $N_{\gamma}(m, k) = \frac{1}{2} m(m-1)$ if k divides m .

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And, as we look forward to IV, the return to the main theme is again the fact that a person is not making progress (in *his* case). The reason before Edgar makes such a case (and we have seen 100 long poems) is that the person is *not* making progress. And it is not a case of not *being* well, but of not *being* well enough to do the things that are good for him. And it is not a case of not *being* well enough to do the things that are good for him, but of not *being* well enough to do the things that are good for him.

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Miss and Mr. Talbert. Illustration from "50 Years of Love and Tennis," Sports Illustrated, September 1, 1936.

his and hers

YOU still hear certain reactionaries say that a good woman player is almost as good as the average man player.

The best answer may be to put your man on the other side of the net from Althea Gibson or Darlene Hard. Or team him up with Bill Talbert's regular partner, Nancy, and see who winds up carrying whom.

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A man wants his girl to understand the game and share his own enthusiasm. And very often, *her* only problem is not to let him see that she knows the score better than he does!



Bill and Nancy Talbert. From "The House of Tennis," Sports Illustrated, June 30, 1936.

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Perseverance and courage in facing cover
Steadiness to flush, shot and command
Aptitude in marking fall of game and ability to find it
Ability and willingness to take hand signals
Promptness and style of retrieve and delivery
Proof of tender mouth

Most springers entered in the National Championship Trial, and even in the important regional events, are handled by professional trainers—even dogs whose owners are expert handlers themselves. Mrs. Roy Chapin Jr., whose Staindrop Breckonhill Chip was handled to the championship in last year's National by Professional Trainer Elmore Chick of Lemont, Ill., is a charter member of LASHA—the Lady Amateur Spaniel Handlers of America—all of whose members are capable field-trial handlers. Another LASHA member, Mrs. Philip D. Armour Jr., handled one of the Armforth Kennels entries herself at the same National, but three other Armour dogs were handled by Professional Steve Studnicki of Frankfort, Ill. Many major trials include a special amateur stake, and at each National there are trophies for the best performance by an amateur-handled springer.

To the average one-dog gunner, whose relationship with his dog may be almost as sentimental as his relationship with his wife (and in some cases more so), it seems strange that a dog should be handled by a professional trainer rather than by his owner—especially when the owner is both a gunner and an experienced gun-dog handler. But the springer that earns the right to compete in the National is usually one of a number of good dogs owned by a breeder or amateur fancier; he has been trained for field-trial work by a professional who knows the dog even better than the owner, is more familiar with the dog's strong and weak points, and is best able to handle him in a manner to impress the judges. In fact, the dog may never have been handled by anyone except the trainer, and could not be expected to work as hard and enthusiastically for another man.

If you'd like to own an English springer spaniel, for field trials and, or for bird shooting, there are several

ways to go about acquiring one. You may buy a puppy and train him yourself. You may buy a puppy, give him basic training, then have it finished by a professional. Or you may buy a fully trained adult dog. This last procedure would probably prove the cheapest, even though you can't hope to buy a first-class, well-trained springer for less than \$500 (a young dog which has done well in novice stakes or qualifying stakes at licensed field trials may cost you several times that). But when you buy a mature, trained dog from a reputable breeder, you have a pretty good idea of what you're getting. You will have watched the dog work under actual field or field-trial conditions, and you can expect him to work as well, or even better, for you in years to come.

A JOB OF TIME AND PATIENCE

On the other hand, if you buy an untrained puppy and train him yourself, there is a fair chance that you will end up without much to show for your time, effort and money. For one thing, not all springer spaniel puppies, even with good ancestry, are potentially good gun dogs. There is no sure way to tell until you've had the dog so long that parting with him would be painful for you and your family (especially if you have dog-loving children). For another thing, few people have the temperament, the tact or the time to be successful spaniel trainers. It is a job that requires unlimited patience, an unflappable disposition and at least a solid hour of free time daily—together with such assets as suitable and convenient fields to work in and a source of live birds to use in training. Even a potentially great gun dog can be quickly and permanently ruined by an inept or short-tempered amateur trainer, and starting with a good puppy is no assurance that you will end with a good gun dog—whereas the professional can take even a dog without great talent and turn him into a useful gunning companion.

Conversely, it is also true that there are few greater satisfactions for the springer spaniel owner than successfully training his own dog from puppyhood. And, of course, the dog that has known and depended on a single trainer-master all his life will probably be more anxious to please him and more understanding of his wishes and directions than the spaniel that was trained by someone else.

continued



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graph of a champion gun dog, conveys the distinctive sense of accomplishment

which a field-trained springer derives from a successful hunting performance.

SPRINGER SPANIELS *continued*

For the man with limited time and uncertain temper there is no better way to acquire a good, well-trained springer than to buy a puppy 3 to 6 months old, of proved field-trial ancestry, and give it basic obedience training—teach it to sit, to stay, to walk at heel and to retrieve small objects—and then turn it over to a professional trainer, at 8 to 10 months of age, for a thorough education. If you buy a puppy younger than 3 months old you will pay less but run more risk. The younger the litter the more difficult it is to detect the traits you want your dog to have: boldness, intelligence, keen nose, merry disposition and good looks. If you buy one older than 6 months, he may be harder to train, as his learning ability, like yours, decreases with age.

To locate a good source of puppies in your area, get in touch with a reliable professional trainer if there is one nearby. He probably won't have puppies to sell but is likely to know of local litters and their ancestry. Most trainers will be happy to help you pick a puppy from the litter, especially if they expect to be called on to train him later, and they can help

you negotiate a fair price. For a 3-month-old puppy of good breeding you may expect to pay from \$75 to \$200, depending partly on quality of ancestry and partly on the eagerness of the breeder to get rid of the pups. (I mentioned one time to Phil Armour Jr., then the secretary of the English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Association, that I was lucky at raffles. He said he had won only twice in his life. At a time when the Armforth Kennels held several large litters of English springer spaniel puppies, he bought several raffle tickets to support a worthy cause and won an English springer spaniel puppy. In another raffle he won an Armour Star ham.)

You can get a list of trainers and kennels in your area by writing to Albert Winslow, Secretary, the English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Association, Goshen, N.Y. State your problem in the letter and it is likely that you'll get some sound advice in reply, since the association is anxious to attract newcomers to the fancy and will be as helpful as possible.

Never buy a puppy (or any dog) by mail without a written understanding that the deal is not final until after a reasonable trial period. Most reputable kennels, if they ac-

cept orders by mail at all, do business this way. If the breeder demands full payment without a trial period, look for another breeder.

Before you buy your puppy, invest in one of the books listed at the end of this article. Better yet, invest in all of them—each has something to offer the new or prospective spaniel owner. They will help you to make a more intelligent selection, and will tell you how to teach a puppy the basic facts of gun-dog life.

In choosing your puppy you will have to decide which sex you prefer. Most owners and trainers I have spoken to think the advantages of a bitch—her better disposition, more affectionate nature, greater desire to please her master and lesser inclination to roam or fight—more than compensate for the two three-week periods each year when she must be carefully protected from unsolicited male companionship. Personally, I wouldn't hesitate to choose a female springer unless I planned to have the dog drive my car.

When you turn your puppy over to a professional trainer, he will probably want to keep him about three months, at a charge of from \$40 to \$60 a month. If you want him trained

for field-trial competition it will cost more, since this requires the shooting of more live birds over the dog and greater care on the trainer's part. A good trainer will try not to "personalize" the dog, so that he will work as eagerly for you as for the trainer—but if you want him to handle the dog for you at field trials, until you feel competent to act as your own handler, he will be glad to do so.

One of the hazards of amateur gun-dog training is children, especially if they are yours. Naturally, they will want to play with the puppy, and if you forbid it you will win no popularity polls around the house. But if you permit it, there is a good chance that the kids will chase the puppy and try to grab shoes and toys out of his mouth; and there is no surer way to make a retrieving dog hard-mouthed on game and virtually useless as a field-trial contender. When the children see you training the puppy to sit, stay, heel and fetch, they will want to get into the act. Unfortunately, however, most children will give a command and then lose interest when the dog doesn't obey, thus encouraging him to ignore future commands; or they will order the dog to stay, then forget to release him from the command, which encourages the dog to set his own time limits on staying. Except for locking the kids in the basement until the dog is fully trained, the best answer to this is to explain to them the importance of strict discipline in training the puppy and tell them why they shouldn't send him to fetch things, or snatch things from his mouth. This isn't likely to make much impression on them, but it's always worth a try.

A PART OF THE FAMILY

There are owners and handlers who think a gun dog should be kept in an enclosure or on a chain when he is not working, training or being exercised and, of course, it's true that a dog kept confined most of the time will go like the wind when given a chance to cut loose in the field. It's even truer, however, that to get the most enjoyment from any dog he should be part of the family and a companion all through the year rather than only during the hunting season—and in his eagerness to please, a family dog may equal or surpass the kennel dog's exuberance. One of the most prominent gun-dog amateurs in America lives in

continued



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SPRINGER SPANIELS continued

a New York City apartment with
several Labradors and English spring-
ers which have won field-trial honors
at major meets. He assures me that
living on Park Avenue and sleeping
on chairs and sofas has not impaired
their enthusiasm for hard work in
the field and at trials, and he has the
trophies to prove it.

When you get your dog—be he
puppy or fully trained—find out if
there is an English springer spaniel
club near you (the secretary of the
national association will let you know
the name and address of the club
nearest you). If there is, join it. Even
if you are not interested in serious
field trials, the informal "fun trials"
and members' trials will give you a
chance to work your dog alongside
others of equal training and to pick
up worthwhile tips on field handling,
correcting faults and so forth. For
many springer spaniel owners these
"fun trials," "picnic trials" and in-
formal members-only trials are the
most important aspect of ownership.
They provide useful schooling and
exercise for dogs and pleasant out-
door recreation for owners and their
families.

Even if your springer lacks the style
and spirit and steadiness and the pol-
ished perfection of a field-trial win-
ner, and can barely tell a hand signal



which a well-trained springer spaniel performs eagerly, emphasizes his versatility.

from a hackberry bush, you can still—if you have accepted the fact that he is never going to win the National or even, probably, a members' trial—have a lot of fun running him in these strictly-for-kicks meets. Provided your dog has a modicum of basic training and control and some slight natural hunting and retrieving instinct, both of you will be welcome at these informal trials if for no other reason than that you will make somebody else's dog look good. Quite possibly you will find, once you have joined a local group and attended some of these informal events, that your Spot has more native talent and competitive spirit than you had given him credit for, and that while he wasn't the most spectacular performer on the field, neither was he the sorriest bum. If you ask for it, you will get some valuable (or at least free) tips from the local experts on how to correct your dog's most obvious shortcomings. And at a hot-weather water trial, where all the events are water retrieves and where a strong instinct and enthusiasm for retrieving, a bold water entry and swimming style and a reasonable steadiness count for more than field-trial training, Spot may even romp off with a trophy. (To be prepared for such emergencies a thermos of ice-cold Martinis or a fifth of whisky

continued

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should be kept within easy reach.) In any event, you'll meet some friendly people and have a pleasant day.

There is no law, of course, that requires you to do anything more with your English springer spaniel than to make him a family pet, and nobody will serve you with a summons if you fail to use him as a gun dog. In my own neighborhood there are two English springer spaniels that have never heard a shotgun fired or scented any bird sportier than a robin redbreast. One is a typical bench-type springer, beautiful but so nervous and fearful that it is a caricature of a sporting dog; the other is bolder

SUGGESTED SPRINGER READING

The Conduct and Judging of Spaniel Field Trials, published by the English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Association (50¢).

The Springer Spaniel, Maxwell Riddle, Judy Publishing Co. (34¢).

Training Your Spaniel, Clarence J. Paffenberger, Putnam (34.25¢).

Hunting Dogs and Their Uses, Henry P. Davis, Stackpole (\$1.50).

The Complete English Springer Spaniel, Charles S. Goodall, Deninger's (\$7.50), to be published this month.

Pet English Springer Spaniel, Janet Hennesberry, Crown (\$1).

but scandalously fat and lazy. Both, however, are affectionate, well-loved and presumably content. But I get the same feeling when I see them that I've felt on seeing a good guitar, capable of making beautiful music, being used as a wall decoration.

When I stopped in last summer to see Arthur (Ruffy) Eakin, whose Gaybird Farms in Bucks County, Pa. is a semipublic shooting preserve as well as a training school for springer spaniels, I wanted mostly to hear about his experiences as an official gun at last year's British National Championship. While I was learning that no birds are planted at spaniel trials in England, the dogs being expected to flush from high and heavy cover whatever game is available, including rabbits and squirrels, a Philadelphia lawyer and sportsman whose dog was being trained by Ruffy came by. After some conversation I asked him if he could sum up his feelings about springer spaniels in a sentence. "I'm afraid I cannot," he said, "although, of course, I do feel that in a really perfect democracy, every family would have one." **END**



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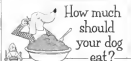
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19TH HOLE The readers take over

THE COACH

Sirs:

Gerald Holland's conversation piece on Coach Horace Jasper (Boogey Man) Blenheim (The Coach, SL, Oct. 13) is a marvelously witty achievement. The little passage where Postball Booster Tony La-Presta, "The Pizza King," receives his pass to secret practice and chokingly exclaims, "Only in America could it happen," is surely a satirical miniature without peer in magazine writing. And Coach Blenheim fallen on sad days is a figure deserving sympathy. If memory does not deceive me, Shakespeare said "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions." If that is not in *Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book*, it ought to be.

FREDERICK AMES

Ruston

Sirs:

I truly found it the most entertaining reading matter I've come across in quite a while—a real TD 8-pointer!

CARL G. SCHWENK

Boyerstown, Pa.

NOMINATIONS

Sirs:

My choice for Sportsman of the Year is Pete Dawkins of Army. And I'm all for Navy.

MRS. F. R. BARTLETT

Pensacola, Fla.

Sirs:

Althea Gibson. On her semifinal play against Mrs. Flitz she deserves a medal. What a contrast to last year!

JEROME SCHEUER

Boston

Sirs:

I understand there's a fellow in Australia who runs rather well. Elliott, I think his name is.

ARNOLD MARKOWITZ

Highland Park, N.J.

FOOTBALL: EXTRA POINTS

Sirs:

Personal curiosity caused me to make an analysis of point-after-touchdown attempts (see below), and it might prove to be of some interest to your readers.

The Big Ten data includes both league and non-league play. The major college data covers most of the larger independents and the Southwest and other major conferences. The small colleges are pri-

Sirs:

Bob Turley of the New York Yankees.
Jim RUBIN

Elizabeth, N.J.

Sirs:

Your references to Coach Bennie Oosterbaan of Michigan (SL, Oct. 13) provide the best possible answer to this year's Sportsman of the Year search.

GEORGE O. HACKETT

Dearborn, Mich.

FANGIO: MONUMENT TO A MASTER

Sirs:

Just a few moments ago I read Fangio's farewell (SL, Oct. 27). In those two brief pages there is the soul of sportsmanship; the essence of it, the distillation into a single burning drop of the whole spirit of, not only motor racing, but any other dangerous, bruising, exacting sport.

My feeling is that this, together with the testimony of the innumerable novices as to his unfailing courtesy, generosity and helpfulness in the very heat of competition, will stand as Fangio's monument after his records have crumbled.

ALFRED W. MILLER

New York City

FOOTBALL: THINGS TO COME

Sirs:

I was just leafing through an old issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (Jan. 23, 1926). There was an article on football, *Shape of Things to Come*, which evaluated the top freshman football prospects in the nation and their chances of attaining stardom. It was quite interesting to note how accurately the article foretold the headlines in the Sunday sports sections all over the country.

Dick Wallen of UCLA is an All-American; Don Long's passing upset Illinois, USC's Rex Johnston gave us a scare here at Ann Arbor with a 66-yard TD run on Sept. 27. Dick Bass of College of the

rainbow

marly those in the Mid-American Conference and several of the better small independents. The high school data covers the stronger Ohio prep.

From this data it appears that running gives the best chance, with passing second and kicking last. The data is fragmentary, of course, but it gives an indication of the trend at this early time.

CARL HUDNICK

Toledo, Ohio

	No. games scored	TDs	KICK		Pts. per attempt	RUN		Pts. per attempt	PASS		Pts. per attempt
			A	C		A	C		A	C	
DIG TEN	12	45	30	18	.690	7	3	.857	9	3	.667
MAJOR COLLEGES	42	187	77	45	.824	51	25	.681	59	29	.694
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HIGH SCHOOLS	24	106	21	9	.428	59	30	1.02	26	7	.538
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A—attempts C—completed

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18TH HOLE *continued*

Parfitt may be bonus choice of the pros. Jackie Sanderfer is one of Oklahoma's top ball carriers. Tommy Lorino of Auburn sparked the backfield of last year's wire service national champion. King Dixon of South Carolina is rated one of the South's finest all-around performers. Bob Reifmeyer of Navy has been called the nation's top lineman and stood out on national TV in the 1957 Army-Navy game. Pete Dawkins of Army was your back of the week (SI, Oct. 6) after his four TDs vs. South Carolina. Bill Kaldeen is a top quarterback at Pitt. Jack Delvaux of Illinois is their captain and top ground-gainer. Bronco Nagurski Jr. and Bob Wietoska are being counted on by Notre Dame to lead that team to national honors.

I'd felt that Ohio State's Bob White was the finest fullback I had ever seen until I came to Michigan and saw John Herrnstein, whom you described as "... the line-plunger Michigan so badly needs." His size (215) and power are equal to White's, and his quick acceleration and breakaway speed make me feel he is better than White.

This sort of article is always interesting. I certainly would like to see you continue it this winter.

DAN PETERSON

Ann Arbor, Mich.

A BRICKBAT

Sir:

Your much-ballyhooed America's Cup, "Top Sporting Event of 1958," had all the thrills, chills and hard-fought rivalry of a foot race between Herb Elliott and Grandma Moses.

While 5,000 curiosity-seekers milled about the opening-day starting line, a somewhat larger number of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED charter subscribers were milling in frustration through your pages, trying to find some small mention of honest-to-goodness sport.

R. A. RUTH

Alturas, Calif.

● See below for another opinion from California. E.D.

A COMPLIMENT

Sir:

I feel your issue of Oct. 6 contains some of the finest sports reporting I have read in some time. Four stories in themselves are outstanding. The combination of them all in one issue of any magazine certainly deserves a compliment.

The story on the America's Cup race explains a not widely understood sporting classic. More important, this story lays full emphasis on a most pertinent point, that this is a real example of one of the few true instances of amateurism in sport left today.

The story on Y. A. Tittle is lucid to the point where I now feel I could quarterback the 49ers myself.

Your analysis of the National Football League race will contribute materially to my understanding and enjoyment of the games I will see here in Los Angeles.

The story by Whitney Tower really hits the nail on the head. Will they give Round Table a rest or will they

break him down, as they did Determine?

The story on Ohio State is particularly interesting to me in that I had the opportunity a couple of years ago to watch an Ohio State-Michigan game at Ann Arbor, wherein the Buckeyes knocked Michigan out of a Rose Bowl trip.

I have one criticism—all of the issues are not up to the very high standard you have set for yourselves. Even your writers, talented as they are, cannot manufacture sports news when nothing "big" is going on.

It is human nature to be most vocal when critical. I just wanted you to know that one of your charter subscribers thinks you are doing a fine job.

FREDERICK R. SCHROEDER JR.
La Canada, Calif.

NO PRO LIKE AN OLD PRO

Sirs,

I find myself pondering over the fact that this could be the era of the "old men."

I have observed many old men in action, and it brings to my mind how many such great "old pros" we have in this so-called sporting age. To them should go such praise and distinction as they deserve for giving the sporting fans, like myself, the enjoyment of watching their high caliber of playing.

I find myself admiring the cold courage of Sugar Ray Robinson as the old man of boxing. Robinson has shown the rest of the sporting world what skill, condition and a fighting heart can do when really put to the test. Whether the reason for his re-entrance into the spotlight was from a need of money, the lack of glory or an escape from loneliness, one will have to admit he is truly a man of courage to make the comeback he did.

In baseball, I find myself in a very difficult situation. There are many such old men in baseball, and perhaps the most famous is Ted Williams. Many would argue this point, but if there is any courage, ability and stamina in a man in baseball, the man would have to be "Thumping" Theodore. The other old men of baseball, such as Stan Musial, Enos Slaughter, Warren Spahn and many more, are pushing Ted, but Mr. Williams combines power, fielding and a few press clippings, which the American League badly needs. To me Ted is a symbol of what every heart of the American youth should hold.

In turning to football, and this is the more difficult because of the amount of teamwork which is involved, I have to give the nod to Lou Groza. If Paul E. Brown, coach and general manager of the Cleveland Browns, wishes to continue his winning ways, he will definitely have to scan the crops of college players when this big "Tee" decides to quit. If there is any player in the NFL who has contributed more to his team for so long a time, I have failed to locate him. This could bring many arguments into existence also, and I will have to admit there are a great many possibilities and points which can be considered.

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Pat on the Back

David Sharkey



SCULPTOR HASELTINE AND GEORGE

'An ideal charger'

WHEN the late philanthropist James Sheldon decided to give a heroic monument to the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C. his instructions were simple: "The greatest American on the greatest American horse," to be done by the finest animal sculptor of our time. The result is this magnificent statue of George Washington on Man o' War which Sculptor Herbert Haseltine has just finished casting in bronze.

Haseltine was born in Rome 81 years ago, the son of a distinguished American painter. When Herbert was 12, Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show visited the Eternal City and Haseltine was hooked for life. Following the show

he wrote and illustrated a "newspaper," *The Cowboy Gazette*, and ever since has bent his artist's gaze on horses and horsemen. Of horses he gossips as of old friends: Gallahad had the nicest manners, Royal Minstrel had a tendency to toe out, Cavalcade gritted his teeth coming into the stretch.

The thought of Man o' War as Washington's mount delighted him. "An ideal charger," says Haseltine, an old friend and admirer of Big Red. "He could have carried weight too. He was a very vain horse and, if he saw visitors coming, his neck would go up. I changed him because I did not want him competing with Washington."

Kookooskoos: Mr. Deadly

A stealthy hunter, the great horned owl is a shadowy, voracious killer. His eerie hoot is the call of doom

by DR. WILLIAM J. LONG

KOOKOOSKOOS is one of the names given by the Indians to the great horned owl, the most destructive killer of birds, small game and fur-bearing animals to be found in our woods. Countryfolk call him the hoot owl, forgetting that the barred owl is a louder and more frequent hooter. Both are so silent by nature that you may camp for a week or a month in the northern wilderness without hearing a word from them. Then one evening for some unknown reason—possibly an atmospheric change—they shatter the restful silence by a cacophony of whooping, yelling, and idiotic laughter. At such a time I have heard a horned owl bark gruffly like a dog or a barred owl utter a prolonged howl like that of a timber wolf. Such outbursts are probably for convivial occasions; at least, by imitating them you can bring the uncanny birds whooping around your campfire.

On other evenings the big owl utters only an occasional hunting cry, which is used apparently to frighten hidden game into betraying sound or motion. The call is a deep, strongly cadenced *skoo, koo-hoo-koo, skoo, skoo*—the same six notes, uttered in half as many seconds on the same pitch but with different pauses, different inflections and a curious buzzing in some of their vowel sounds.

One thing about the hunting call which mystifies me is that it has a hooded quality which makes it impossible to locate by ear alone, as if a

ventriloquist were playing his tricks. Only when you see Kookooskoos as he sounds the call can you be sure where he is; and then, to your further bewilderment, he is much nearer than you thought. Does he deceive also the birds, hares and squirrels, making them think he is so far away that they have ample time to escape, when in reality he is near enough to swoop at their first motion?

What may be the right answer is given by Kookooskoos himself whenever he changes his ordinary way of hunting—a stealthy way as we shall presently see—and sends out a penetrating call that warns all wild ears of danger. His perch is usually a tall stump overlooking an opening where small game is more abundant than in the deep woods. Like other owls and hawks, he does not willingly enter brushy cover but waits for the chance to catch his game where he will not bruise his broad wings by swooping.

Before sounding the call he sits quiet for a time, so motionless that even to a keen eye his soft-colored body appears to be a part of his watchtower. The moment his challenge rolls over the woods he becomes alive and alert, indicating by his tense attitude that he is ready to strike at anything that stirs below.

Although he sees well by day or night, like his relative the snowy owl, Kookooskoos has the limitation of all natural creatures in associating life with emotion, and so he overlooks even a man who knows how to become a part of the environment by holding still. To my mind his day vision is rather ordinary, not to be compared with that of a goshawk, and his huge wings make him so clumsy of action that seldom does he strike his game at the first swoop. Once on a cold winter day I saw him strike five or six times at a dodging gray squirrel

continued



Illustrations by Arthur Sloger

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MR. DEADLY continued

in a leafless tree, and then the squirrel escaped into a knothole.

His hearing, by contrast, is perhaps the most acute to be found in the bird world, and the explanation is easily discovered. His ear openings are enormous, extending halfway around his big head; stretched across them like a gauzy curtain are delicate bristles to catch the faintest vibration of air and carry it to wide-branched filaments of the auditory nerve.

This marvelously sensitive ear might of itself be enough to tell why Kookooskoos tries at odd times to flush his game by a hunting call. Whether he does it intelligently or instinctively no one knows. But observation shows that if no response comes to his challenge he flies on silent wings to a stub overlooking another clearing and there repeats the call, more plainly or more faintly according to the direction of his flight. At the final scene, rarely witnessed by human eyes, all one's sympathy goes out to the innocent or foolish victim. Disturbed by the booming challenge a rabbit stirs a twig underfoot or a bird rustles a leaf, and on the instant Kookooskoos swoops, his terrible claws extended to strike.

Kookooskoos' call is but another of the delicate balances between hunter and hunted which fill the natural world of birds, animals and insects. On one side of the equipoise, nature has given the owl a night-seeing eye and an incredibly sensitive ear; on the other side nature has provided that hunted creatures are practically invisible to wild eyes and wholly inaudible to wild ears so long as they remain quiet. It is the hunting call against a quality of all harmless creatures, namely, their compelling impulse to be still. Such a fair balance between hunter and hunted appears to be as natural as life itself.

Less puzzling to me than the ventriloquism of the hunting call is the way Kookooskoos apparently times it to his purpose or, it may be, to the right atmospheric conditions. I have never heard the sound on a windy or stormy night; never in the cacophony of hooting and gurgling of horned owls in social assembly. To appreciate what I venture to call the timing of Kookooskoos, let's examine first a few of his ordinary hunting habits.

Kookooskoos is a glutton; his feed-

ing is so voracious, and often so unclean, that, to judge by a few examples I have known, no caged owl of his kind ever seems to get enough food to satisfy him. When hungry after long fasting he kills the first small living thing he meets—jay, crow, grouse, rabbit, mink, muskrat, snake, frog, domestic cat—and gobbles every scrap of it. In an hour or two, he disgorges feathers, fur and cracked bones in the shape of dry pellets and is ready to eat again. If absolutely famished, he may tackle even a porcupine; for sometimes a horned owl, thin as a scarecrow, is found with a score of barbed quills stuck in his mouth and throat. In early spring, when skunks come out



of their winter dens and all game is scarce in the big woods, almost every horned owl trapped or shot has a skunky odor to tell what he has hunted. At other seasons of plentiful game he may kill a dozen birds or squirrels in succession and eat only the heads and brains, leaving the rest.

Except during a blizzard, when all wild creatures keep to their dens, Kooksookooos hunts practically every night of the year and all night long when greedy owlets must be fed. Naturally you would expect that his hunting call would be sounded constantly after dark, yet days may go by without its being heard. Occasionally, but very rarely, the call is heard on a dark day, which means,

continued

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MR. DEADLY continued

I think, that Kookooskoos knows where game is hidden and is trying to scare it into a betraying motion.

During the summer and early fall he often keeps watch by day over a clearing where young partridges come at regular hours to feed or to dust themselves, and at such times he is as silent as the hawk that has an eye on the same toothsome game. Likewise, when Kookooskoos finds a brood of wild ducks he often watches from a hidden perch until they come within striking distance; and here again he is as stealthy as any other hunter, knowing that to alarm the game is to miss his chance.

DINING WITH THE BEAVERS

The close of an August day found me on a stranded log below a salmon pool on the Tobique, waiting for a beaver family that for a week past had been coming regularly to dine on the bark of poplar boughs which I cut fresh for them every morning. The skies were aglow, and the river muted its cheery voice the better to hear a thrush sing evensong.

Into this heavenly quiet rushed a flock of half-grown sheldrakes, as noisy and restless as kingfishers. At one moment they glided smoothly upstream, breasting the stiff current as easily as water sprites; at the next they darted hither and yon as if witch-ridden, crinkling the river's face into foamy wakes, shattering the silence with a croaking of unmelodious voices. Leading the riotous procession was a mother bird, her brown head with its slender beak turning like a weather vane in shifty winds as she kept tabs on her uneasy brood.

Just as these oncoming sheldrakes were opposite me, giving no heed to what they thought a harmless bump on a log, a broad-winged shadow fell upon them, and away they scurried under a smother of upflung spray. The shadow was cast by Kookooskoos, who had all the while been watching the brood from a poplar over my head. At his second try, after clumsily missing the first, he picked up a young bird, killed it by a single grip and carried it limp to the other shore. There on the gravel he tore his game to pieces and swallowed it in wolfish gulps, head, feet, wings and all, leaving only a few loose feathers to tell the night wind of his silent hunting. This time, Kookooskoos had not called at all.

END



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